

HUSTLER

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black beret, fishnet gloves, and a black corset with lace-up details, is sitting on a dark wooden chair. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a patterned fabric with a floral or damask design in brown and beige tones. The overall mood is classic and elegant.

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

NOVEMBER 1974 \$1.25

JIM BUCKLEY'S SCREW
SEX WITH THE DEVIL
LOVE IS A 4 LETTER WORD
HOW BERRY GORDY
RUNS MOTOWN
THE MILHOUSE AWARDS
NATIONAL
ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE
PLUS OUR DOWN TO
EARTH SEXY GIRLS

Photographed on Vancouver Island, British Columbia



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ROBERT GUTSCHICK & BOB GOODRICH — The authors of "The Milhouse Awards" are comedy writers for radio and television as well as local Chicago comics. They have worked with Second City in Chicago and dabbled in mystery writing for radio.

BOB FLORA — He joined our staff as production assistant contributing his original illustrations and designs to *HUSTLER*. A recent graduate of the Columbus College of Art and Design, he has music and record advertising to his favor and wants to specialize in graphic design.

GENE SCULATTI — A music journalist for over eight years and having appeared in *ROLLING STONE*, *COUNTRY MUSIC*, *PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE*, he promises to give us the best and most up-to-date Music Reviews in any magazine. He is also presently doing a music column for the major daily of California's capital city plus writing ad copy for Warner Brothers Records among many other steady assignments he has undertaken.

MAX PHILLIPS — Our movie reviewer has been into writing reviews for *TRI-ANGLE*, a Texas Gulf publication, and the Film

Makers Newsletter, as well as filming and video taping commercials for nationwide distribution. He is presently involved in producing and filming a commercial movie in Italy.

PAT GARLING — A former student of art and design in Los Angeles, Pat has worked for a number of art studios and advertising agencies on such accounts as Borden's, the Continental Can Company and the Southwest Corporation in both Ohio and California. Being on the *HUSTLER* staff, Pat intends to express her ideas on behalf of the entire female sex.

RICHARD LITWIN — Once again Dick contributes his photographic talents to *HUSTLER* as seen in the men's shirt fashion feature. Being located mainly in New York and owning his own studio, he has worked with the best and most sought-after models in the country.

WENDELL GUNLOCK — Our versatile Advertising Director has been with *HUSTLER* when it was only a two page hand-out for guests of the Hustler Clubs, originally started in Ohio. Since the magazine has been booming, Wendell has been "hustling" to open new Clubs nationwide.

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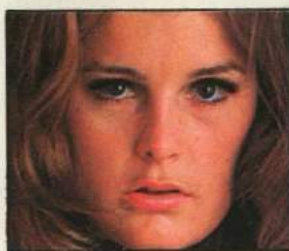
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Better luck next time, Paulie!

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NO. 5

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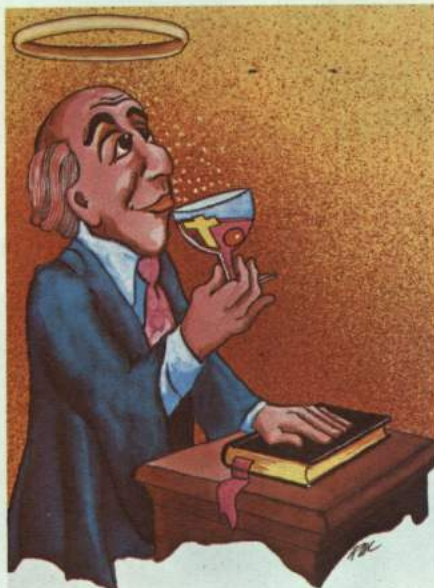
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BITS & PIECES

Cocktail Clerics



British Methodists can now sip their cocktails without fear of hell and damnation for doing so. The 40-year prohibition was laid to rest—but not without some discussion and heated controversy. As Lord Soper, a past president of the Methodists, put it:

Anyone who has anything to do with the evils of the permissive society would be left with no doubt about the relationship between alcohol and prostitution and sexual irresponsibility.

Lord Soper has HUSTLER wondering: Which evils has Soper experienced—which evils have made *him* so certain of the validity of the cause and effect relationship he is suggesting? Furthermore, we here have always thought that “sexual irresponsibility” meant “not satisfying your old lady.” In a word, we found all sorts of holes in Soper’s thinking, but after all, we decided, that’s why America broke away from her mother country.

Progressive Bus Styles

Here it is, folks—the transportation wonder of the age! Not a monorail. Not an air-cushion vehicle. Not even a high-speed train.

A bus.

Yessir, the bus industry is forging ahead with confidence and optimism—and the support of the U.S. government.

For instance, \$26 million of our (taxpayers’) money is being spent to develop Transbus, the busmakers’ vision of tomorrow. Initial models recently delivered to an Arizona testing center have mammoth windows, carpeting, and a smooth ride. Engineers are complaining that the government’s requirement of a first step 10 inches above the ground (instead of the present 22) is making their jobs a lot tougher. But we have confidence they’ll work it out.

Also, next year, General Motors will introduce its first urban bus model change since 1959. Part of the Bicentennial celebration, we suppose.

A big West German “articulated” bus is touring this country on a sales junket. “Articulated” means it bends around corners.

New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Seattle, Pittsburgh, and Detroit plan to start using some London-style double-decker buses. New York, of course, will have the largest version. It’ll be called the New Yorker.

In fact, busbuilders are going to have to step lively to keep ahead of European competitors. Volvo, Mercedes Benz, British Leyland Motors, Inc., and others have started to move into the American market.

Buses these days cost around \$45,000 apiece. Last year about 3,200 new ones were bought, double the sales in 1970. This year sales will probably top off at about 4,000, making buses a \$200-million-a-year business.

The Nixon Administration is encouraging all this “busyness” in the bus business. Harken unto the pronouncement of Frank C. Herrerger, top dog of the Urban Mass Transportation Administration, as quoted in the *New York Times*: “The simplest and quickest way to conserve energy through mass transit is to reserve lanes on freeways and on city streets for exclusive use of buses.”

Fine, Frank, for the quick and simple present but what do you have in mind for the complicated, far-distant future?

Bat it Out

When was the last time you were so mad you could hardly keep from bang-

ing your fist against the nearest wall and immediately inflicting great pain upon yourself? Avoiding such foolishness, some people have taken up throwing eggs against the wall over the bathtub to vent their anger. Unfortunately, egg-throwing is only partially effective. First of all there is the inanimacy of the wall: it doesn’t run or duck or scream or hit back. Walls just aren’t that much fun. Secondly, there is the mess to clean up after the ferocious exhibition, which is sort of anticlimactic. And you’ve got to clean up *right away*, before the shells get stuck to hardened yolks.

Now, there is an ideal weapon for expressing anger. It’s the cloth-



covered, foam rubber bat, and it’s available at a company called Uquity, Venice, California. Just call Richard Epstein. If you’re smart, you’ll order more than one—so that your victim(s) can fight back.

Secret Marriage

You know how sometimes you do something nice and then somebody takes advantage of you because of it?

Well, that’s how some California legislators feel about their two-year-old confidential marriage law.

They put the statute on the books so that elderly couples could quietly legalize their common law marriages, thus protecting property rights and relatives’ sensitivities. The confiden-

BITS & PIECES

tial marriage law allows couples to marry without medical tests and without announcement to the public.

The trouble is, an increasing number of young couples are being married under the law. It's certainly hassle-free compared to a conventional marriage—no waiting for the license, no running around to medical laboratories, no worrying about getting the OK from parents.

In Los Angeles county, where officials are quite upright about the situation, at least one minister is benefiting financially from the secret-marriage boom. He expects to gross \$40,000 this year by performing marriage ceremonies for people who are being married confidentially. He works in a restored wing of a dilapidated hotel at Long Beach, but the unconventionality of the wedding setting doesn't seem to bother the couples who are married there.

Consternation about the over- and mis-use of the secret marriage law may cause its repeal or revision. So all those nice old Aunt Nellies and Uncle Bobs who are shacking up in California probably ought to consider getting hitched right away—if they want to share Social Security as well as sunsets over the Pacific.



Her Own Pee Pot

As the barrage of feminine hygiene products has finally subsided somewhat, an attempt at renewing interest in this field has recently been made.



"The ultimate hygiene device for today's new woman"—the Feminine Hygiene Device (FHD), manufactured by Gross Products (really!) And for only \$3 girls, you can now have your own pee pot, to enable you to stand erect while taking a leak. It's something that most women, no doubt, have secretly desired all of their lives. It is a small, white, elongated plastic funnel which is inserted into the mouth of the vagina and gives definite direction to the thin, yellow stream for which it was designed. Gross Products claims that one "never has to suffer the discomfort and possible embarrassment of having to adopt awkward and unfeminine postures. Never again will you have to worry about coming into contact with unfamiliar unsanitary restrooms. Never need to use bathroom tissue, which is rarely provided in public facilities." You wonder how women managed all these thousands of years, especially after having to adopt such "unfeminine postures" too! Truly, only today's sophisticated, technological minds could come up with such a #1 rip-off.

Cannabis Shows Dangers

Pot may be more injurious to your health than you think. That's the current news from marijuana researchers

—and untimely it is, too, since many states are now liberalizing their laws on possession and pressure groups for legalization seem to be making headway.

Until this year, most researchers believed that marijuana is not very harmful, at least compared to alcohol and other commonly abused drugs. New findings, however, indicate that long-term use of pot may result in lower production of sex hormones, damaged chromosomes, and decreased numbers of white blood cells.

In a study conducted by an infertility program in St. Louis, researchers found that heavy marijuana users had a 40% decrease in their levels of the male sex hormone testosterone. (The study compared twenty men who used marijuana four days a week for at least six months with twenty men who were nonusers.)

Dr. Robert C. Kolodny, the director of the program, speculates that men who use marijuana frequently may develop potency problems and teenage boys who smoke it may not get through puberty with a normal sexual development. His study also reveals the possibility that if a pregnant woman is a heavy marijuana user and the baby she is carrying is a boy, his sexual development before birth may be abnormal.

Another possible danger of grass-smoking is chromosome breaks which may make individuals more cancer-prone and increase the chances that they will become parents of children with birth defects.

In a study of 49 marijuana users and a control group of nonusers, Dr. Morton A. Stenchever, an obstetrician, found that users averaged 3.4 chromosome breaks per 100 white blood cells; nonusers averaged only 1.2 breaks. And a pediatrician has reported similar findings.

The third reported danger is decreased white blood cell production which was reported by a pharmacologist, Dr. Gabriel Nahas. He compared 51 potsmokers, who had smoked at least three times a week for four or more years, with a control group. What Dr. Nahas found was that white cell production was 40% less in the

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ALABAMA

Bessemer: With a name like this, you've got to expect some action in the steel business. And that you'll find. If you're here on business with such firms as U.S. Steel, Republic, Pullman Standard or U.S. Pipe, give yourself an evening's break at the **TLS Go-Go** out on West Burlington... or at the **C-Shell II Lounge**. Lots of mod-style action. For seafood, steaks or ribs try the **Briar Patch**, and for some really great snapper look into the **Bright Star**. This is a Grecian place where you'll find a wide variety of excellent menu items, but be sure to try their Grecian-style snapper.

Birmingham: Just down the road from Bessemer is the heart city of the southern steel industry, Birmingham... the Pittsburgh of the South, and the seat of the University of Alabama. One of the highlights of the year is the State Fair held early in October. For nightly entertainment try the **Playroom** on top of the **Guest House**. **Banks Lounge** is very big on good live country/western and the **Pat James Lounge** is one of the top spots for live dance music on a nightly basis. The **Admiral Benbow Inn** is another good

spot for live music and dancing. Among the better restaurants is the **Dobbs House Luau** which offers a really fine American and Polynesian menu. Try the **La Patee**... owned by the guy who supervises the kitchen... for some good lamb specialties and shish kebab.

ALASKA

Anchorage: We've had some requests for good places to relax and gorge in the upper 49th. So, here are some of the better spots to hit should you find yourself north of the lower 48. Alaska is a small-scale version of New York or San Francisco when it comes to the mixture of cultures you'll find. And that hodge-podge is reflected in the restaurants and night spots. Lots of Mexican, lots of Japanese, lots of Chinese spots. Some of the best on this side of the big pond, too. For instance, in this not-very-big berg you'll find at least six Chinese, seven Mexican, five Italian, three Japanese, one Korean, nearly a dozen American and four seafood restaurants among the better ones. Pretty impressive for a town four times the size. Among the better Mexican spots is **La Mexicana**.

Try their Margaritas. Ole! **Nikko Gardes** serves up some Japanese delights that you'll long remember, and for one of the best Mandarin or Peking Duck (place your order in advance), you have to try **Mandarin House**. Country/western fans will want to hit **Country City** for listening and/or dancing, and for good live entertainment every night except Monday, slip into **Chilkoot Charlie's**.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Looking for a real mod sound to help pass the evening hours? Then check into **Clown's Den Lounge and Supper Club**. Good combos, always. Good standards on the menu... try the T-bone. At **Gig's** you'll also find lively entertainment every night in the mod fashion, and if it's country/western that gets to you look into **Harry's Capri Club**. You might even become a country/western fan if you drop into **Harry's** on Tuesday... it's Ladies' Choice that night so you'll find lots of possible action. For food, look into **El Maya**. Good Mexican/American menu. If you like a little entertainment while you dine, try **Crazy Ed's**... razza ma tazz jazz and old

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time melodies. Two others really need to be mentioned when it comes to food, the **Great Wall** for Chinese (what else?) and **Etienné** for French items (just down the road in Scottsdale).

ARKANSAS

Little Rock: Here's a town that is a bit of sleeper when it comes to fun spots but there's action if you know where to look. One of the biggest game rooms around is at the **Wagon Wheel**. On top of that you'll find dancing nightly and some really great local musical talent on week-ends. The **Wine Cellar** is a so-called "private" club, but visitors can obtain membership cards with no problem. One of the movingest spots in town is the **Den**. Les Girls wall to wall on most nights. Plus some so-called "exotica" entertainment. Take it from there on your own. One of the most intriguing restaurant decors you'll find is that of the **Little Rock Ginning Company**. Looks for all the world like what it's supposed to be... an old cotton gin mill. Decor or no, you'll also find top-flight prime ribs and steaks. The atmosphere is really old, deep south. You'll like it. Try **Collucci's** (the one on East Broadway) for good hearty Italian food and if Mexican dishes are for you, look into the **Alamo Plaza**. There's nightly entertainment and the food's better than lots of places south of the border.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Action in old movie town is here, there and practically everywhere except at the major hotels. The smaller spots are definitely in, while famous spots like the **Coconut Grove** have been largely converted, this summer, to convention and private party use. But if you're looking for something relaxing along with your hotel room, check into the **Ambassador** on Wilshire. They've got a pool and health club that's really great. All the trimmin's including massage. On the sports scene, the Angels will be at home on the 1st and 2nd, while the **Southern California Sun** will be host on the 9th, 16th and 23rd. The **Rams** will be at home in the Coliseum on the 6th and the 20th.

San Francisco: Like the song says,

San Francisco is an easy place to leave your heart. And during October there are lots of things to do in the Bay City besides pine over the fog and such. For instance, **Pearl Bailey** will be at the **Fairmont Hotel** until the 6th. Then **Jack Jones** will be on deck until the 16th. **Florence Henderson** follows and will be there till November 6th. On October 6th there is the Blessing of the Fishing Fleet which starts at **Sts. Peter and Paul Church** and moves on to **North Beach** and **Fisherman's Wharf**. It's very colorful and sentimental. On the 12th, 13th and 14th, there are all sorts of Columbus Day festivities such as the parade that starts at 1 PM on the 13th, and the 2 PM **Waterfront Pageant at Aquatic Park** on the 14th. All sorts of minor items in between. From the 16th to the 27th there is the **International Film Festival** with two features presented each evening at the **Palace of Fine Arts Theatre** and day-long critiques daily on directors, designers, scripters, etc. On the 18th, 19th and 20th there is the **International Ski and Winter Sports Festival** at the **Cow Palace**. And from the 25th of October to the 1st of November there is a three-phase show at the **Cow Palace** for animal lovers: A livestock show, a rodeo and a horse show. When you're not recreating, try some of the nation's finest restaurants... like **Pam Pam East** on Geary Street, the **Plaza** on Union Square, for American dishes, the really great **Harbin Manchurian Cuisine** on Balboa St. or the **Mandarin** for northern Chinese food. Look into **Alexis** on California St. for some interesting eastern continental delights... complete with gypsy music in the lounge.

COLORADO

Denver: Douglas Zader spent two years in France to round out his years in training before joining the staff at the **Denver Inn** as Chef. You've just got to try the **Oak Room's** unusual menu; relax in an elegant continental decor embellished with rich paneling, deep carpeting and stained glass windows. Another top spot in town is the **Warehouse**. We've talked about it before, but here's more... In October, from the 1st to the 6th, they'll be featuring **Waylon Jennings** and **Willie Nelson**. From the 15th through the

20th **Fats Domino** will be on hand, and from the 22nd through the 27th **Bobby Blue Bland** will be the spot-lighted star. All kinds of other things happening in the area during October, too. Got your gun along? (The steel-and-wood kind, that is.) Rabbit and turkey seasons open on the 15th. The bear, deer and elk seasons open in the middle of the month too. There's also harness racing at the **Centennial Turf Club** in Littleton from the 10th of Oct. on through January 5.

FLORIDA

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: While the winter season won't yet be underway, things will be reviving down in the south but hotel rates will still be reasonable. After a relaxing day of fishing or swimming, cool off with a south sea drink at the **Mai Kai** if you're in the Ft. Lauderdale area. That is, if the sultry gals in sarongs don't run up your blood pressure too much. On the menu is Mahi Mahi, which is dolphin from the south seas. For other fun in the area, peek into the **Flying Machine**, near Ft. Lauderdale International Airport. And there's the **Mouse Trap**... it takes a while for your eyes to become accustomed but once they do!! Now, for the elegant dining in Ft. Lauderdale, **Le Dome of the Four Seasons** rates five-stars in the Mobile Travel Guide and is tops for French cuisine. There's also a roof-top view of the city. Further down south in Miami, Beach, if you're looking for south sea girls, look into the **Luau**, 79th St. Causeway, or the **Luau II**, in the Marco Polo Hotel. If you're in the mood for sea food, try the **Embers** for stone crabs. And to be elegant, **Le Parisien** will set the background with coq au chambertin.

Tampa/St. Petersburg: These two cities have their avid fans just as the Gold Coast has its boosters. It's a toss-up... depends on how glittery you want your scenery. Like most southern resort areas, organized events are relegated to the winter months, but there's plenty to do on your own. Deep sea fishing in the Gulf is every bit as good, if not better, than the action off the east coast. There's fabulous **Busch Gardens** and old **Ybor City** to tour. For dining, Tampa

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has a four star spot that's widely known, **Bern's Steak House**. It's real "home cooking," since they grow their own vegetables and age their meat themselves. Among the most colorful restaurants you'll find anywhere is the famous **Columbia**. An excellent Spanish-American menu is available along with strolling violinists and full entertainment each night except Sunday. At Sarasota, be sure to visit the **Ringling Museum** and the **Circus Hall of Fame**. In St. Petersburg try **Louis Pappas'** for duck, prime ribs and a great Greek salad. **Aunt Hattie's** is good and easy on the pocketbook. Real old style chicken and dumplings is the specialty.

HAWAII

Honolulu: Tourists say this is an all-year city, which it is weather-wise, but the "season" really starts in the fall when the frost hits the continental U.S. So what do you do when you get there except get a sun-tan at Waikiki? How about a Hawaii-style county fair? There are two in October. One is at Maui, a beautiful little island with sugar cane fields and tropical rain forests that's a must, fair or not. The fair is October 3-6 at the **Kahului Fair Grounds**. The **Hawaii County Fair** is October 23-27 and includes a lei contest. When you visit Hawaii (the big island) be sure to see the crater of the volcano that erupted a couple of years ago. The **Maui Open Golf Tournament** is October 24-27 at the **Waiehu Municipal Golf Course**, Waiehu, Maui. Another sports event for the month is the **World Football League** game between the **Hawaiians** and the **Memphis Southern** on October 27th at Honolulu. The **Waikiki Shell** will be active during the later part of the month with a pageant on October 25 and a parade on the 26th, Music of Hawaii on the **Youth Talent Show** on the 28th, and the **International Pageant** on the 29th. The **Molokai-Oahu Canoe Race** is Sunday the 27th. For the un-initiated, this race is between the island of Oahu, where Honolulu and the Island of Molokai lies. If you're heading that way you already know about the swimming and surfing, but don't forget about the catamaran boat ride each evening at the **Hilton Hawaiian Village**. It's extra fun if a storm

comes along! All the hotels will have good food and good entertainment. In some, like the **Royal Hawaiian**, dress up a little. In others, such as the **Hawaiian Village**, it's all casual. For some special Hawaiian food, fresh from the Pacific, I suggest the **Mahimahi** (dolphin). And a good place to find it is the **Top of the Waikiki**, broiled in a very light batter . . . succulent.

INDIANA

Indianapolis: This central Hoosier State city must have more dinner theatre action than any city twice its size anywhere in the nation. The **Beef & Boards** on the north side is the place for musicals, and the **Black Curtain**, with a Bohemian and rather intimate atmosphere, is downtown. Out on Pendleton Pike toward Anderson is the **Sheraton Dinner Theatre** in the Motor Inn of the same name. Light comedies are the main stock in trade at the **Avondale D.T.** located in the big Meadow Shopping Center. None are booked at this writing. For action look into the so-called strip on North Meridian. Lots of places, lots of girls. All between 16th and 22nd streets. The **Holiday Inn-Airport** has one of the best dining rooms in the area, the **Chanteclair Sur le Toit**. Strolling violinists, excellent filet of pork, and fine desserts. Downtown, **La Tour** on top of the Indiana National Bank Tower is very good. Fine continental menu. **Key West Shrimp House** isn't to be overlooked for sea food.

KANSAS

Wichita: Two claims to fame has this prairie metropolis. . . more airplanes are built here than anywhere in the world, and probably there are more go-go spots per capita than any city in the U.S.A. Don't forget too that Wichita is like the rest of Kansas — all eateries, no matter how posh, are BYOWB spots. Pick up your favorite brand practically anywhere and lug it along. Set-ups are the rule of the day. We suggest you combine a good lobster or steak dinner with girl watching at the **Chapter One**. Noted for both food and action. **Go-Go East** and **Go-Go West** are worth another mention. They're swinging spots. Incidentally, if you decide to become an instant member of any of the so-called

private clubs (where you can buy booze by the shot and with meals), you should check out their policy on women. Some let the little darlin's in without escorts, others only with a man, and others not at all. So, depending on your mood, you'll want to know what's ahead.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: Autumn is a fine time to visit America's most romantic city. The weather will be fine for sitting in one of the many walled courtyards with the atmosphere of old France. Have a frosty drink in one or two, and then go on to another charming place that is lush with semi-tropical foliage, such as the **Court of the Two Sisters**. Their breakfast menu puts many a dinner to shame. Imagine a cold glass of champagne with mellow balls, a hot cup of Creole oyster soup, sauteed veal with wine, creamed grits, egg a la court which is poached in an artichoke bottom and topped with bear-naise sauce, and then Crepe Suzettes a la Court of Two Sisters. Their dinner menu is even more exotic. The city boasts a great number of French restaurants that are famous throughout the world. The list includes **Antoin's**, **Arnaud's**, **Brennan's**, **Gallatoire's**, **Dunbar's** and **Commander's Palace**. New Orleans is a great jazz city and as you stroll along the streets in the **Vieux Carré**, jazz melodies come floating out the doors. Try **Pete Fountain's** or the **Al Hirt Club**. And the **Fairmont Hotel** promises they'll have top name entertainment for you.

OHIO

Akron: The "Rubber City" is also headquarters for the annual "Wonderful World of Ohio Mart" during October 3rd through 6th. It's a state-wide bazaar of Ohioana . . . everything from handicrafts to antiques and area food specialties. There's no shortage of good eating places in this city just south-east of Cleveland. **Iacomini's** (pronounced Yachamini's) has got to be one of the truly outstanding Italian-American restaurants in the country. Good sea food, steaks and ribs at **Marcel's**. And, of course, there's **Tangier**. Real middle eastern atmosphere and truly superb food. **Ramon's** is an eatery that features live entertain-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

ment but, at this writing, doesn't have their schedule firmed up. Chances are it'll be a good single or a slick small combo. Downtown there's lots of action at the **Hustler Club** at 21 South Main Street.

Cincinnati: You can take a look over the entire 100-plus square miles of greater Cincinnati from the observation tower on top of the classic **Carew Tower** right in the middle of the Queen City. Kentucky across the River and on a clear day, Indiana to the west, are easily visible from this vantage point. And talking about Kentucky, don't overlook the chance to spend an evening at the venerable **Beverly Hills Country Club** just minutes from the heart of town. Lots of action and great food. Or if you care for the ponies, there's **Latonia Race Course** in nearby Florence which ends its thoroughbred season early in October. Post time is 7:30 so there's time to wrap up business and get out to the track for a full evening. Soon as the thoroughbreds wrap up the season, the trotters take over and run from mid-October to Thanksgiving. For food we'll have to list again the **Gourmet Room** atop the **Terrace Hilton**. Just outstanding. We'll mention **Pigalle's** and **Maisonette** again, too. But you should check out the **Iron Horse** for a good Continental-American menu as well. The **Red Legs** will be at home for final scheduled games on the 1st and 2nd and the **Bengals** will be moving into **Riverfront Stadium** on the 6th and 27th.

And there's super-live action at the **Hustler Club** right in the middle of town.

Dayton: **King Cole** has got to be one of the better places to wrap yourself around a steak. Try their file de sole Marguery as well. Select your own live lobster from the tank at the **Renaisance Room** at the **Holiday Inn** in suburban Fairborn. They're succulent. While you're in town it's well worth your time to take a trip out to Wright-Patterson AFB and tour the **Air Force Museum**. Whether you're a fly boy or not, it's truly a great way to spend a few hours. And when you get back to town, look into **Daddy's Money** or **Whatevr's Right**. Two of the swinginest spots in town.

Cleveland: Among the better all-in-one accommodations and recreation spots in the Cleveland area is the **Port O' Call Motor Inn**. You can spend some time on the putting green, relax in the pool, or outside the pool with a drink and watch the swimmers through the glass wall that separates the pool from a lower-level cocktail lounge. Dancing and live entertainment nightly except Sunday. **Keg & Quarter** is another good place for either room or meals; has some of the finest Continental food in town. Strolling musicians provide a romantic background in the main dining room. Good combos and dancing are available in another room. **Tops Cordon** is still featured at the **Charter House**. The **Cleveland Indians** play their final season games in the Stadium on September 27th thru the 29th. As we go to press their fate in the pennant race is undetermined. The **Cleveland Browns** will be at home in Stadium on October 6th, 13th and the 27th.

And the largest **Hustler Club** is located right in the heart of town... on Short Vincent Street just East of 9th.

Columbus: The central entertainment spot in the Ohio capital city for large-scale attractions is the **Mershon Auditorium** on the Ohio State University campus. But during October they are featuring only three major drawing cards. On the 16th the **National Band of New Zealand** will be in concert. On the 18th and 19th **Norman Baker** will present his travel film, "The Epoch Voyages of Ra." (You may have read his copy in National Geographic.) **Alicia de Lavacha**, noted Spanish pianist, will be the attraction on the 29th. The **Country Dinner Theatre** has not booked for October at this writing. The **Columbus/Springfield Dinner Theatre** goes into the month with "6 Rms. R.V." and closes the month with "Right Bed, Wrong Husband." Downtown there are exotic dancers right in the heart of things at the **Bull and Bear** (good steaks along with the twitching). Around the corner, at **Sixteen East**, the menu has been expanded to include excellent Greek-American-Continental items in the same lush decor as in the past. They've also added a great steak

bargain. A whole new spot is open on the northern edge of **German Village**, the **Vinyard**. It's right on South High just south of the freeway. **Ohio State** football is in the big Stadium on the 12th and 19th. And the biggest international motorcycle event in the nation, the **International Trans-Am \$15,000 Moto-Cross**, will be held on October 13 at Dick Klamfoth's **Honda Hills** in Linville about 30 miles East of town. The two big action spots are right in the middle of downtown, the **Hustler** at 38 W. Gay Street and the **Whatevr's Right Lounge** just below it. **Whatevr's Right** is a bit different... beautiful girls come right up to you and ask you to dance with them. Take it from there.

Toledo: Most people think of glass and sparkplugs when the name Toledo is mentioned. And while it is the world capital for these two items, it's also one of the world's largest seaports. It's among the top 15 in total tonnage in the U.S. and among the largest in the world when it comes to shipments of coal. A tour of the overseas cargo center can be arranged free of charge by calling the Toledo-Lucas County Port Authority. We'll suggest a visit to **Roman Gardens** for a good meal. You might inquire about their "club" which has facilities for dining and relaxing after a sauna, if you wish, with your favorite drink in the TV lounge. For good German specialties try **Wittenberg**. Wiener Schnitzel and Sauerbraten are tops. For the fastest action in town visit the **Hustler Club**.

MARYLAND

Baltimore: Now and then some of the best restaurants are in the least likely places. And the **Hecht Company's Silhouette Room** is just such a place. Their salad bar features 20 varieties, and over a dozen great hot and cold appetizers you can help yourself to while you enjoy your favorite drink. Their baked crab imperial is something you'll long remember, too. On the entertainment scene put the **2 O'Clock Club** on your list. Bookings are not firmed up for October at this writing, but you'll find such top-namers as **Blaze Starr** and always a great back-up group of lovelies.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Country/Western Fans will want to stop in at **Club Stabile's** for live top country music. Among the top places in discotheque entertainment is the **Polesh Underground**. Real great sound.

MICHIGAN

Detroit: Probably those four-wheeled gas-hogs with the ducks on their logo-type called Cadillacs are much more widely known than the guy who founded the city in which they're made, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. He called the place "le place du detroit." The place where the straight is. Well, there's plenty still straight there and there are some not-so-straight things, too. On the straight side is the month-long appearance, during October, of the "London Assurance," the **Royal Shakespeare Theatre of Britain**. On the not-so-straight-side is the **Six Mile Theatre** on Woodward Ave., where curves are the important thing. It's Detroit's brand-new live burlesque spot. All the top stars in the business perform in a new and plush setting. If you want to "go all the way" food-wise, try the **London Chop House**. Not much more than half a cut under is the **Pontchartrain Wine Cellars** just behind the hotel of the same name. The Mediterranean Room in the hotel itself is another top-rated spot. For sea food there is none better than **Joe Muer's**. (Don't try for reservations . . . they're too busy and the service is too fast to need them.)

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis/St. Paul: One of the country's leading dinner theatres is in the Twin Cities . . . the **Chanhassen**. At this writing, they are only tentative on their October bill, so give them a call. You're always assured of top vehicles in both the Dinner Theatre and the Playhouse. Vegas-style shows are to be found at **Pierre's** at the **Holiday Inn**. Reservations are a good idea. The **Butcher's Block** is a restaurant that's a bit different, and really good. Chances are you've never had such personalized service as you'll experience there. **Murray's**, one of the old standbys in town, is noted for its Silver Butter-Knife Steak, a great slab of specially aged sirloin for two. For

a view with your drinks and food take a ride up to the **Orion Room**, 50 stories up in the sky atop the IDS Tower. Again, reservations are a good idea.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: Which one of the two Kansas Cities you gonna be in? Main difference is that on the Kansas side you have to remember it's BYOB. Lots of "private" clubs, though. Again we'll mention the **Bachelors 3** and its reported 10,000 members. How "private" can you get? On the Missouri side there are three-and-one-half dinner theatres that have top-drawer entertainment. The reason for the "half" is that the **Palace** was hit by a fire in mid-summer and is not sure just when they'll be open again, hopefully in late September. So, check them out for October. **Waldo Astoria** will be presenting "Play It Again Sam" until October 13th and then comes on with "Second City" on the 15th. **Tiffany's Attic**, which has to be one of the most sumptuous D.T.s in the country, has "Eureka" from October 1st through December 1st. Off Broadway has the "Fantastix" until October 6th and "Sleuth" from October 8th to December 1st. Now, for some swinging type amusement, look into the new River Key area. Lots of spots, lots of girls, lots of action. "That's what it's there for," according to one knowledgeable local. For good food look into the **Top of the Crown Center**, or go out of town a ways toward Independence, Kansas to **Stevenson's Apple Orchard**. Real old-time good food and atmosphere.

OREGON

Portland: From a what-to-do-while-in-Portland standpoint, the center of things is the Arena at the **Memorial Coliseum**. For instance, there's **NBA** basketball on the 10th, 18th, 19th, 26th and 29th. **Bob Hope** is on the boards on the 11th and there's a tremendous rock concert lined up for the 15th. If you like old world marshal music, try to be in town for the **Welsh Guard** on the 24th. Good eating in town, too. At the **Ramada Inn** try the **Center 4**. Steaks, chops, live entertainment. **Benehana's of Tokyo** does a very commendable job on Japanese food while **Beef and Brew** is among the best you'll find for shish kabob and

many other hearty meal items. Sea food? **Dan & Louie's Oyster Bar** is the place. The **Portland Storm** of the **World Football League** will be at home on October 2nd with Southern Cal, on the 16th against Jacksonville, and on the 23rd they host Memphis.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: The easiest way to start with what's going on in October in Vegas is at the top of the alphabet. So, here goes starting with **Aladdin's**. This is **Burlesque '74** continues its packed-house run. At **Caesars Palace**, **Andy Williams** completes his run on October 9th and, at this writing, management hasn't confirmed a booking for the balance of the month. **Castaways** is also "open", but **Circus Circus** continues its **Bottoms Up Review** and, of course, its circus acts above the casino. **Jimmie Dean** is at the **Desert Inn** until the 7th and is followed by **Bobby Gentry**. At the **Dunes** the feature is **Casino de Paris**. **Flamingo** has **Bobby Vinton** and **Charlie Callas** until the 2nd, but we have no word on the balance of the month. **Four Queens** is also "open" at this writing. **Minsky '74** is the big show at the **Fremont**. **Wayne Newton** is at the **Frontier** through the end of the month. **Kenny Newman and the Expression** will be under the spotlight at the **Golden Nugget** until the 13th, then **Johnny Paycheck** moves in. **Spice on Ice** is the dazzler at the **Hacienda** on a continuing basis, but the **Holiday Casino** again has no firm bookings. **Landmark** continues its policy of showcasing up-and-coming performers in its **Night of New Stars**. At the **Las Vegas Hilton**, **Liberace** will be on hand through the 7th, then **Glenn Campbell** takes over till the 28th. **MGM Grand** has **Sergio Franchi** and **Barbara Eden** through the 8th. **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy** arrive on the 9th and stay through the 22nd. On the 23rd **Shucky Greene** appears on the scene. Pianist **Peter Urquidí** lays down the sound behind the **Mint's** fantastic 90-foot-long buffet. The **Riviera** is open at this writing, while the **Congo Room** of the **Sahara** will go into the month with **Rowan and Martin**. On the 5th **Buddy Hackett** will arrive and stay till the 18th. The balance of the month is open at this time. In the **Casbar**

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Room of the same establishment the **Four Aces** usher in the month and are followed on the 15th by the **Zaras**. **Showboat** hasn't firmed up things for October at this time, while the **Silver Slipper** says "there's entertainment nightly." **Stardust** continues with **Lido de Paris** and the **Thunderbird** is open. **Tropicana** features the **Folies Bergere** and the **Union Plaza** will have a yet-to-be-announced Broadway play.

Reno: As usual, the two key spots in old "Separation Center, USA," John Ascuaga's **Nugget** and **Harrah's** have top names to help you wile away the time. At the **Nugget** **Ed Ames** is on tap from September 19th right through till October 9th. **Liberace** arrives on the 10th and stays through the 23rd. **Jimmy Dean** and the **Imperials** start on the 24th and remain till the 13th



of November. Over at **Harrah's** famed hotel/casino/night club/museum/sports center **Merle Haggard** is on deck starting October 3rd and stays thru the 16th. **Joel Gray** arrives on the 17th and remains thru the 30th in the **Headliner Room** in the **Reno** operation. While at **Harrah's Lake Tahoe** the **South Shore Room** has **Sammy Davis, Jr.** through to the 10th of October and **Jim Nabors** from the 11th to the 31st.

NEW YORK

New York City: Trying to decide where to start talking about things to do in the way of amusement in this place is like deciding where to start the evening in the Sultan's Harem. So, let's just take an overview of a few of the top items. The legitimate theatre is a fleeting thing, but here are some suggestions on shows that should

still be with us in October. "**Grease**" at the **Royal Theatre** has the current record for long life and should be on your "must see" list. If you're anticipating being in **Fun City** in October, you should get your ticket order into the **Minskoff Theatre** for "**Irene**," with **Jane Powell** in the title role. "**A Little Night Music**" is still strong at the **Majestic** and for some Pop type entertainment, contact the **Uris Theatre** for details of "**On Broadway**." October features in the series will be **Andy Williams** and **Michel Legrand** starting on October 16th and running thru the 27th. **Hank Mancini** arrives on the 30th for a two-week stay. Incidentally, the **Uris** is a whole complex... parking, dining and theatre all in one building. The **Metropolitan Opera** opens its season under new management this year, and the list of operas looks like it should delight lovers of modern music and dismay those who go for the pot boilers. One opera each night at the beautiful **Metropolitan Opera House** in Lincoln Center. The **New York City Opera Company** and its fabulous star, **Beverly Sills** will be performing often right across the plaza from the Met. **Lutece** at 249 E. 50th is one of the nation's few five star restaurants. Its French haute cuisine includes a broad variety of fine items. You'll enjoy dining in the pleasant all-weather garden. New York's other five star spot is **La Grenouille** at 3 East 52nd. Fine menu on a fixed price basis. **Oscar's Delmonico** is the survivor of the original **Delmonico's** founded in 1830. Old-worldish. Masculine.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia: Soprano **Beverly Sills**, of the New York City and Metropolitan



Opera Companies, opens the **All Star-Forum Concert** series at the **Academy of Music** on Wednesday, October 2nd. Violinist **Isaac Stern** will star on October 21st. The **All Star-Forum** dance series, also at the **Academy of Music**, will feature the **Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre**



on Sunday, October 13th at 3 p.m. On the drama side, "**Miss Moffat**", starring **Bette Davis**, will be at the **Shubert Theatre** from September 23rd to October 19th. October will see the opening of an active sports season in the City of Brotherly Love. In pro basketball, the **Philadelphia 76ers** meet **New Orleans** on October 18th and **Phoenix** October 30th. In pro hockey, the **Flyers** play **Los Angeles** October 10th. The rest of the **Flyers'** schedule isn't firm yet, but there'll be more games. In pro football, the **Eagles** go against the N.Y. **Giants** on October 13th, and the **Philadelphia Bell** of the **World Football League**, has 4 home games in October. Against **Florida** October 2nd, **Hawaii** the 9th, **Houston** the 16th, and **Chicago** on the 30th. The city's full of a variety of good restaurants. For elegant French dining, try the saumon as papillote at **Le BecFin**. For a good charcoal steak, look into the **Sirloin and Saddle** at the **Mariott Motel**. The **General Wayne Inn**, established in 1704, has sea food and steak in an old world atmosphere. Speaking of sea food, don't forget **Bookbinder's**, either the "**Old Original**," or the "**Sea Food House**."

TENNESSEE

Nashville: Now there's one big thing to do in Nashville, musicland, USA, and that's visit the brand new **Opry-**

continued on page 32



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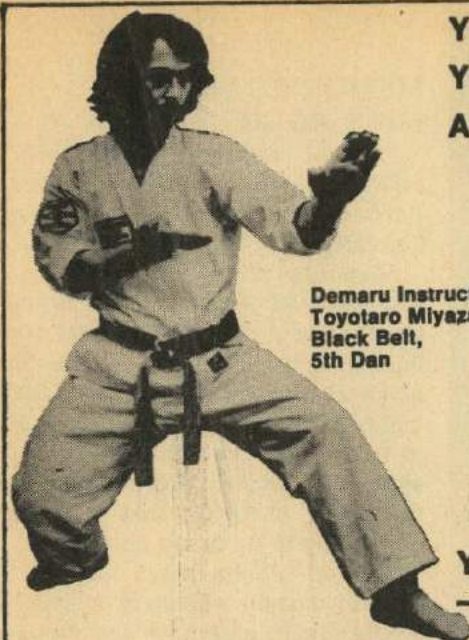
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REVIEWS

MOVIES: DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY

Producer Norman T. Herman has conspired with director John Hough—that's pronounced "Huff", not to be confused with "Bluff"—to produce *DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY*, a fast-buck quickie. Unequivocally the worst film of the year (thus far), any grossly immature mind is certain to revel in this epic inequity.

Autophiliacs, take note: *DIRTY MARY* stars a blue '68 Chevy and a yellow '68 Charger. Supporting roles are muffed by Peter Fonda, Susan George, Adam Roarke and Vic Morrow.

The story concerns itself with a love affair between a man and his car—a sort of mechanized *LASSIE*. Progressively, viewers experience the immediacy—the poignancy of the affair—as it metamorphoses from love triangle to love quadrangle (and, perhaps, an octagon or two).

Larry (Peter Fonda) is fondling Mary (Susan George) while his estranged Chevrolet looks on. Suddenly—almost on cue—Larry returns to the comforts of General Motors. Now Mary competes for her lover's affec-

tion, to the dismay of Deke (Adam Roarke), who enters as an aging ex-alcoholic race circuit refugee. Deke wants to go along "just for the ride", and Larry can't wait to ride a sensual young Charger. Captain Franklin (Vic Morrow) gets wind of the whole sordid affair; Franklin attempts to sever the perversion via "hot pursuit helicopter". Calling our attention to the energy crisis, Franklin hits close to home when he runs out of gas along the skyway. This, of course, is the essence of the film: Franklin runs out of gas, Peter peters out, and then—a final burst of inspiration. In the grand finale, the quadrangle (Charger, Larry, Mary and Deke) collide with an oncoming train, resulting in three or four explosions and a giant fire. *Immediately*, the credits role. (You can almost hear associate producer Mickey Zide, "Hurry—we're running out of film!")

Presumably, the whole cast goes up in smoke—befitting as it is—in a drive-thru Jungian funeral pyre. The point is, that in the end, it's all the same: Ashes to ashes. Dust to Dust. Chevy to Charger.

MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE

"Socko!" say the censors. But it's boffo boxoffice again for Gerald (*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*) Damiano.

Memories Within Miss Aggie is a sophisticated psychological drama, structurally similar to the better continental art films of the sixties. The action moves slowly, in a careful, calculating manner. This runs contrary to standard commercial fare where something happens every minute, and this aspect of the film may prove disappointing to hardcore porn fans.

Deborah Ashira plays "Aggie," a sixtyish woman who lives a solitary existence in a remote farmhouse. Aggie exists solely on imagined memories. Kim Pope, Mary Stuart, and Darby Lloyd Rains play the memories; Eric Edwards and Harry Reems play the boyfriends. Patrick Farrelly plays the Man About Farmhouse, and the only man in Aggie's "life."

Direction and cinematography is striking, with competent acting by all. The love scene with Kim Pope and Eric Edwards is particularly well directed, and it is one of the more memorable moments in cinema history. Rupert Holmes composed and conducted the lingering score, but soundtrack flaws detract from its eloquence. Extending credit where credit is due, Garbo Garbs and Ralph Pyhurst are to be commended for their respective roles in the wardrobe and makeup departments.

Overall, *Aggie* is a welcome change. It is a serious, perceptive film which differs dramatically from anything in the genre, including Damiano's earlier works. If *Aggie* is an indication of the future, we may at least expect more artistic direction in films for mature viewers.



MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE: The love scene with Kim Pope and Eric Edwards is one of the more merorable moments in Cinema History.

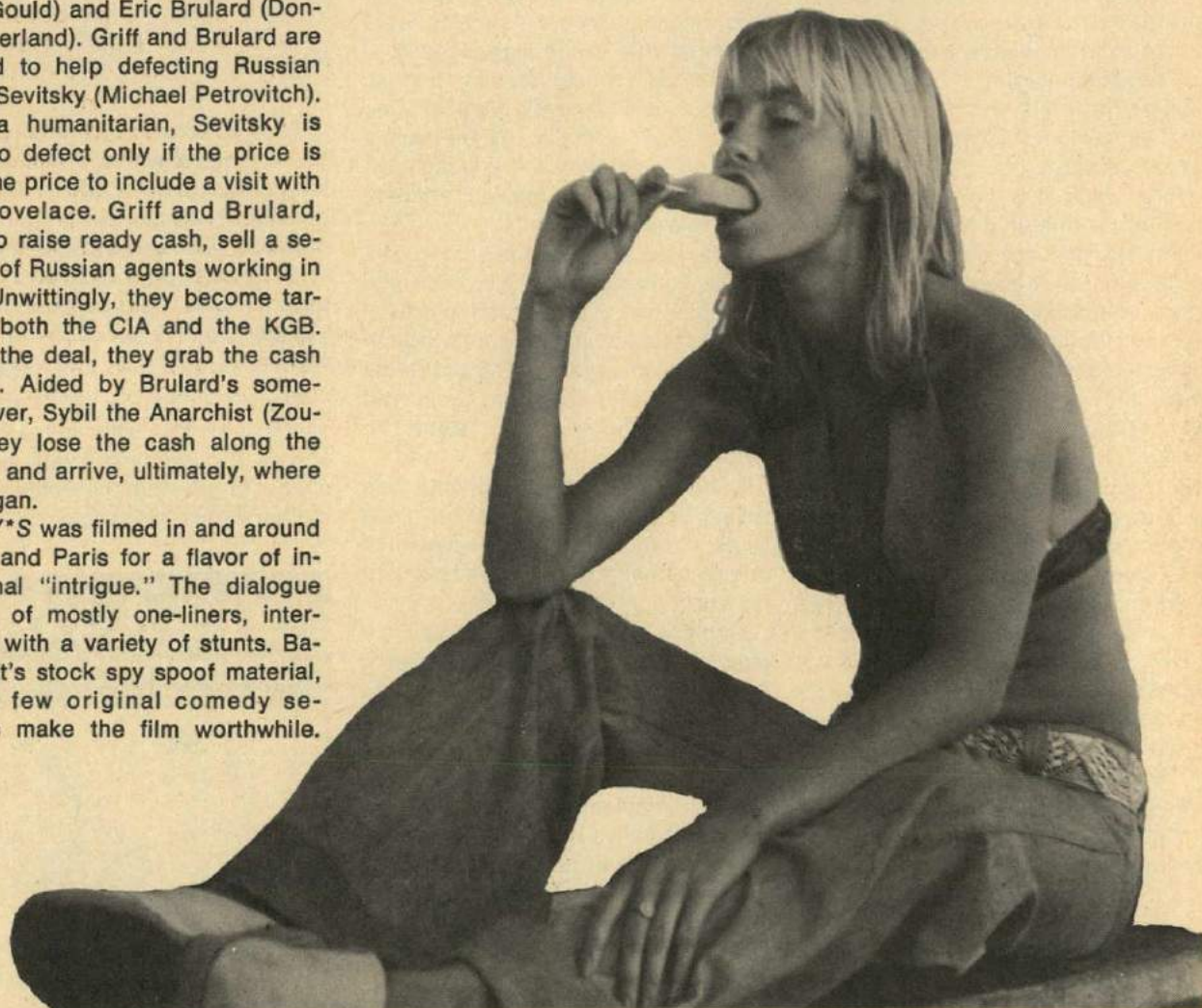
S*P*Y*S

Following *M*A*S*H* and *Little Murders*, *S*P*Y*S* is the third release from the Gould and Sutherland Olympic Caper Team. *S*P*Y*S* is about the lighthearted misadventures of bungling CIA agents Doug Griffith (Elliott Gould) and Eric Brulard (Donald Sutherland). Griff and Brulard are assigned to help defecting Russian athlete, Sevitsky (Michael Petrovitch). Hardly a humanitarian, Sevitsky is willing to defect only if the price is right—the price to include a visit with Linda Lovelace. Griff and Brulard, forced to raise ready cash, sell a secret list of Russian agents working in China. Unwittingly, they become targets of both the CIA and the KGB. Closing the deal, they grab the cash and run. Aided by Brulard's sometimes-lover, Sybil the Anarchist (Zouzou), they lose the cash along the highway and arrive, ultimately, where they began.

*S*P*Y*S* was filmed in and around London and Paris for a flavor of international "intrigue." The dialogue consists of mostly one-liners, interspersed with a variety of stunts. Basically, it's stock spy spoof material, but the few original comedy sequences make the film worthwhile.

*S*P*Y*S* is under the able direction of Irvin Kershner who makes the most of a near-script, the collaborative efforts of Mal Marmorstein, Laurence J. Cohen and Fred Freeman. In failing

to provide adequate character development, *S*P*Y*S* never really utilizes its talented cast. It does succeed as an entertainment, and it is likely to succeed in making *M*O*N*E*Y*.



DAISY MILLER

See Peter and Cybill? Peter and Cybill are doing their interview thing for *Interview*. Oops! Now it's time for the vogue thing for *Vogue*. But Peter and Cybill don't just do their *Interview* thing and their *Vogue* thing—they do their movie thing, too. And they're doing it right now, for you, at a theatre nearby. Why not see it? See Cybill Shepherd become Daisy Miller. Cybill acts, chatters, sings and dies. Cloris Leachman plays the unknowing mother, and it's all in color on the big screen. Henry James wrote the novella. Peter Bogdanovich directed the screenplay. Cybill did as she pleased.

WATCH OUT FOR UNCHAINED FILM MAKERS!

What happens when film makers pursue independent projects, away from studio/moneyed interests? They make very good films, that's what happens. Anne Severson's *Near the Big Chakra* has been turning people on, and off, since the Edinburgh Festival. What is the Big Chakra, anyway? In Sanscrit, "Chakra" means "wheels or centers of radiating life force." So, if

you haven't already guessed, *Near the Big Chakra* is a film of thirty-eight vaginas. Anne made her Clit Power film with the cooperation of the Multi-Media Resource Center—at the time, a branch of Glide Methodist Church in San Francisco. There is more about Anne and the Big Chakra, but we're saving the best for an upcoming issue. Be alert.

J. J. Murphy's new release, *Print Generation*, is scheduled for unveiling at the Fifth International Experimental Film Competition in Brussels. *Generation*, JJ's most ambitious project to date, was two years in the making. Work was completed in the strictest secrecy, resulting in new conceptual film techniques. More about this later, in an exclusive dialogue with the film maker.

MUSIC

Elton John's *Caribou* (MCA 2116) sounds dangerously like a xerox copy of the last three EJ albums first time around — plenty old, little new, lots of things borrowed from past and present masters. But first impressions can turn out wrong, for *Caribou* turns out to be a first-rate program; if it's less adventurous than, say, *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, its tastefulness and attention to detail make it one of Elton's most listenable sets yet.

"The Bitch Is Back" kicks things off. The riff is yet another yank from the *Rolling Stones Songbook* ("Brown Sugar," natch), but Elton's spirited workout indicates he is having as much fun with it as if it were his own. "Pinky" could be the frontispiece for the album, for its deceptively familiar intro (sounds like "Levon" and at least 3 others) belies the fact it is one of Elton's most poignant melodies; if the lyrics are partially obscure, credit Bernie Taupin. It *feels* like a love song.

"Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me," racing its way up the charts as a single, is one of Elton's finest moments; the melody is simple, the lines clean and graceful — as streamlined and linear as a Carpenters record, and the harmonies, supplied by Beach Boy Carl Wilson and Bruce Johnston, make it a stunning pop ballad. As long as he can churn out two or 3 of these a year (supplemented by half as many delicious rockers), Elton seems insured of his niche. Compare or complain, he's most definitely the best we've got at the present.



BOOKS:

BULLETS AND BALLS

Number One With a Bullet, by Elaine Jesmer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$8.95

Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer, by Tony Scaduto. McKay. \$8.95

Those of us who know anything know the terror that lurks behind the curtains of the wide and wonderful World of Entertainment. But if that terror is a truth that must be told, we know also that once again "fiction" will serve as a far better medium than the prose and rhetoric of "fact."

For this reason, at a time when the recording industry plays such an overwhelming role in the lives of tens of millions of young human beings, Elaine Jesmer's novel, *Number One With a Bullet*, is one of the year's most important books. It is genuinely, to use a word some may still remember, "relevant."

It depicts, as only good writing can, and as perhaps as only a woman who was once part of the recording artists' whirl herself could, the greed, brutality, and luxurious despair that are the unheard background of uncounted records on the Top Ten, Twenty, or Two Thousand.

Daniel Stone, far more running than rolling, is a sensitive, talented black singer "owned" by a black-owned company that a group of white sharpies are trying to take over.

Daniel's attempt to free himself is a story that will find poignant, even if accusatory echoes in the heart of anyone who has spent even a second of his, or her, life thinking about that process called "selling out."

And complementing its achievement as creative writing, *Number One With a Bullet* is an important document in terms of our nation's social history.

It is certainly far more important than the biographical "truth" of Tony Scaduto's *Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer*. The world they write about is the same; but Jesmer and Scaduto demonstrate vividly how fiction can be meaningful truth and fact pointless crap.

Malebranche once wrote that "the stupid person and the wit are equally blind to truth, with this difference, that the stupid person respects truth while the wit despises it." Unfortunately, he never got around to commenting upon the writer who, like Scaduto, is both a stupid person and a wit.

Certainly, elevating Mick Jagger to the level of *Lucifer* must make men like Milton puke in their tombs.

But Scaduto's tomb should sell,

sell, sell. It's got all the popular commodities: I Ching, Rolling Stones, homosexuality, drug ethics, attempts at suicide, gossip, pot busts, radical rhetoric, Princess Margaret and another Walking Dog, and "burn, baby, burn!"

Rolling stones may not gather any moss, but this report on the Rolling Stones' bad boy gathers a helluva lot of shit along the way. It's almost impossible to read, which may not be important to the audience the book is obviously aimed at.

The "structure" of the book seems to be a psychedelic, hermaphroditic lazy daisy-chain in which Mick Jagger, Brian Jones, Marianne Faithfull-of-beans, Chrissie stuffed-Shrimpton, and Bianca physiologically and/or psychologically diddle each other until they don't know whether they're coming of going, or into whom.

Well, in Scaduto's version of Mick Jagger's world, balls fall and cunts shrivel like tie-dyed kumquats. One almost forgets that the Rolling Stones did have something to do with music.

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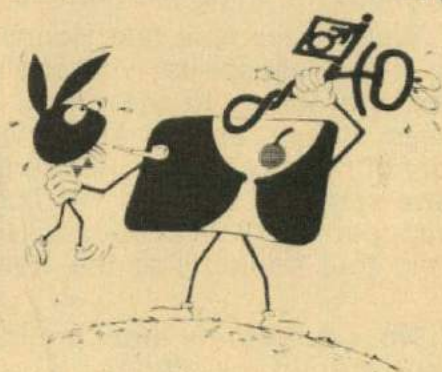
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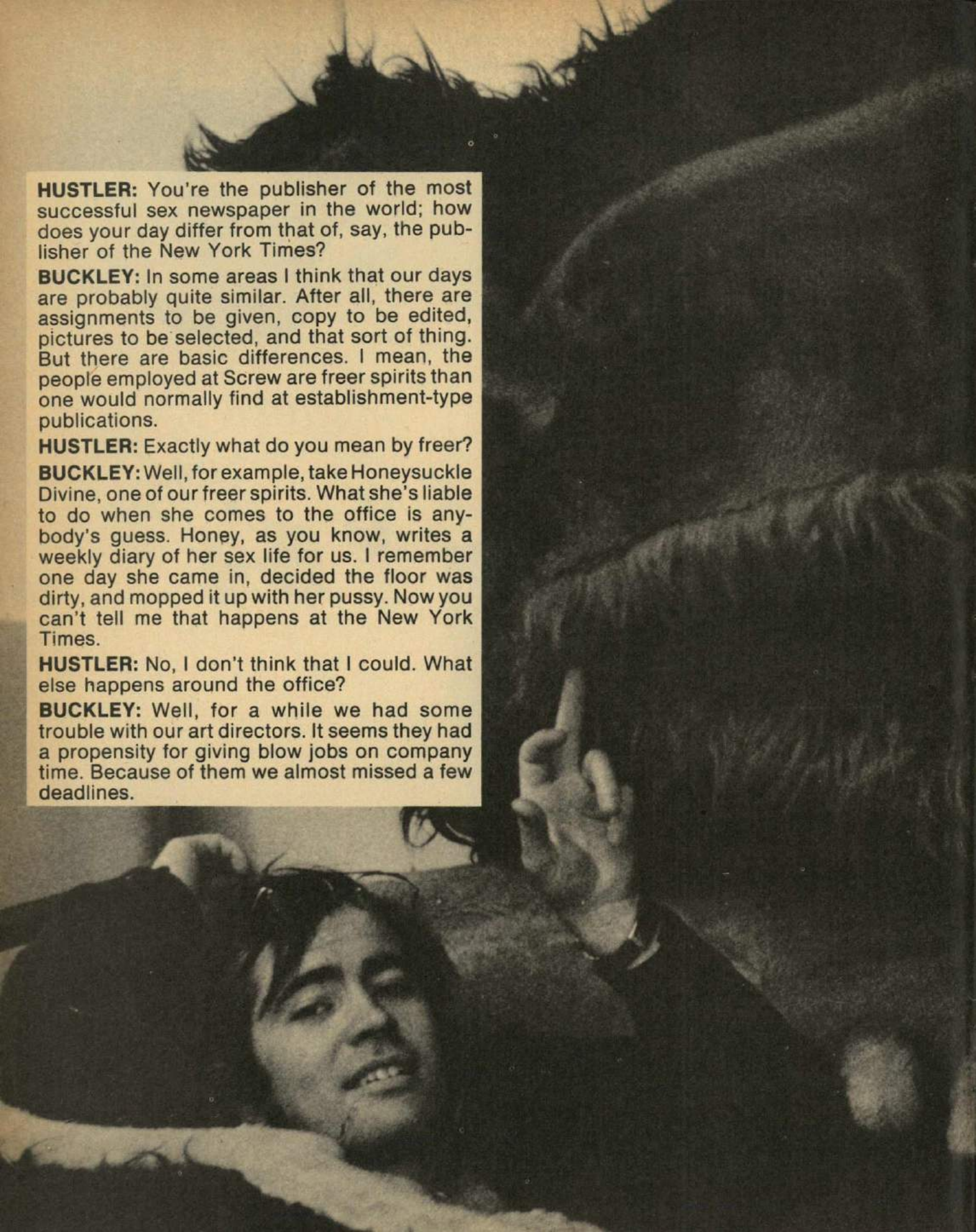
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HUSTLER: You're the publisher of the most successful sex newspaper in the world; how does your day differ from that of, say, the publisher of the New York Times?

BUCKLEY: In some areas I think that our days are probably quite similar. After all, there are assignments to be given, copy to be edited, pictures to be selected, and that sort of thing. But there are basic differences. I mean, the people employed at Screw are freer spirits than one would normally find at establishment-type publications.

HUSTLER: Exactly what do you mean by freer?

BUCKLEY: Well, for example, take Honeysuckle Divine, one of our freer spirits. What she's liable to do when she comes to the office is anybody's guess. Honey, as you know, writes a weekly diary of her sex life for us. I remember one day she came in, decided the floor was dirty, and mopped it up with her pussy. Now you can't tell me that happens at the New York Times.

HUSTLER: No, I don't think that I could. What else happens around the office?

BUCKLEY: Well, for a while we had some trouble with our art directors. It seems they had a propensity for giving blow jobs on company time. Because of them we almost missed a few deadlines.



JIM BUCKLEY'S

SCREW

JIM BUCKLEY'S SCREW: Our circulation is 100,000 copies a week with 12,000 paid-up subscribers. We also are responsible for the world's dirtiest newspaper, Smut.

HUSTLER: What happened to that famous feud you two had going in the pages of Screw?

BUCKLEY: Well, for a while, we were writing nasty things about each other every week. It finally ended when Al wrote a piece stating that I was getting divorced, and that as part of the divorce settlement I was getting my wife's clothes. I, in turn, wrote an article that Al had terminal syphilis of the rectum. Since this piece of news hampered his sex life, he decided to call the feud off.

HUSTLER: How did Screw get started?

BUCKLEY: Six years ago I was working as a typesetter for a weekly left-wing newspaper called the New York Free Press. Al worked on another weekly paper, the National Hush Hush. It was one of those newspapers devoted entirely to human horror stories. You know the type of paper that features articles on how to barbecue your favorite neighbor. Anyway, Al came to us with a story he had done on industrial spying. We printed it, and he and I became friends. Soon after, I approached him with an idea I had about a weekly sex review. Al liked the idea and came up with the title, Screw.

HUSTLER: What kind of an initial investment did you have to make?

BUCKLEY: We each came up with \$150, and believe it or not that was a big investment for us at the time. For the first issue of Screw we could only afford to print 7,000 copies. There wasn't a distributor in New York who would touch it with a ten-foot dildo, so we were forced to peddle them on the street ourselves. Now our circulation is 100,000 copies a week with 12,000 paid-up subscribers. We also are responsible for the world's dirtiest newspaper, Smut.

HUSTLER: What's the difference between Smut and Screw?

BUCKLEY: Screw has a lot more of what the establishment would call socially redeeming value. Smut is primarily an aid to masturbation. For example, in the current issue of Smut we feature the following stories: The Reluctant Rectum, Hookers' Holiday, and Double Blowjob. If you can't get your rocks off from these stories, you're a case for Masters and Johnson.

HUSTLER: Do you masturbate while reading Smut and Screw?

BUCKLEY: Sometimes. Of course, being the publisher, it's a little like coming in my own underwear.

HUSTLER: I understand that Screw has had some involvement with the law.

BUCKLEY: Yes, our batting average is a thousand. We've been busted seven times and convicted seven times. But the only conviction that I feel was justified was the one in which Screw was fined

\$7,000 for allowing a Long Island man to advertise in the paper for children to be used in nude photography. Now, I'm not against children in nude photography but, unfortunately, these children were being used in sexual nude photography. The advertiser was convicted and sent to prison. Looking back on it, I realize that we should have screened the ad more carefully and not printed it.

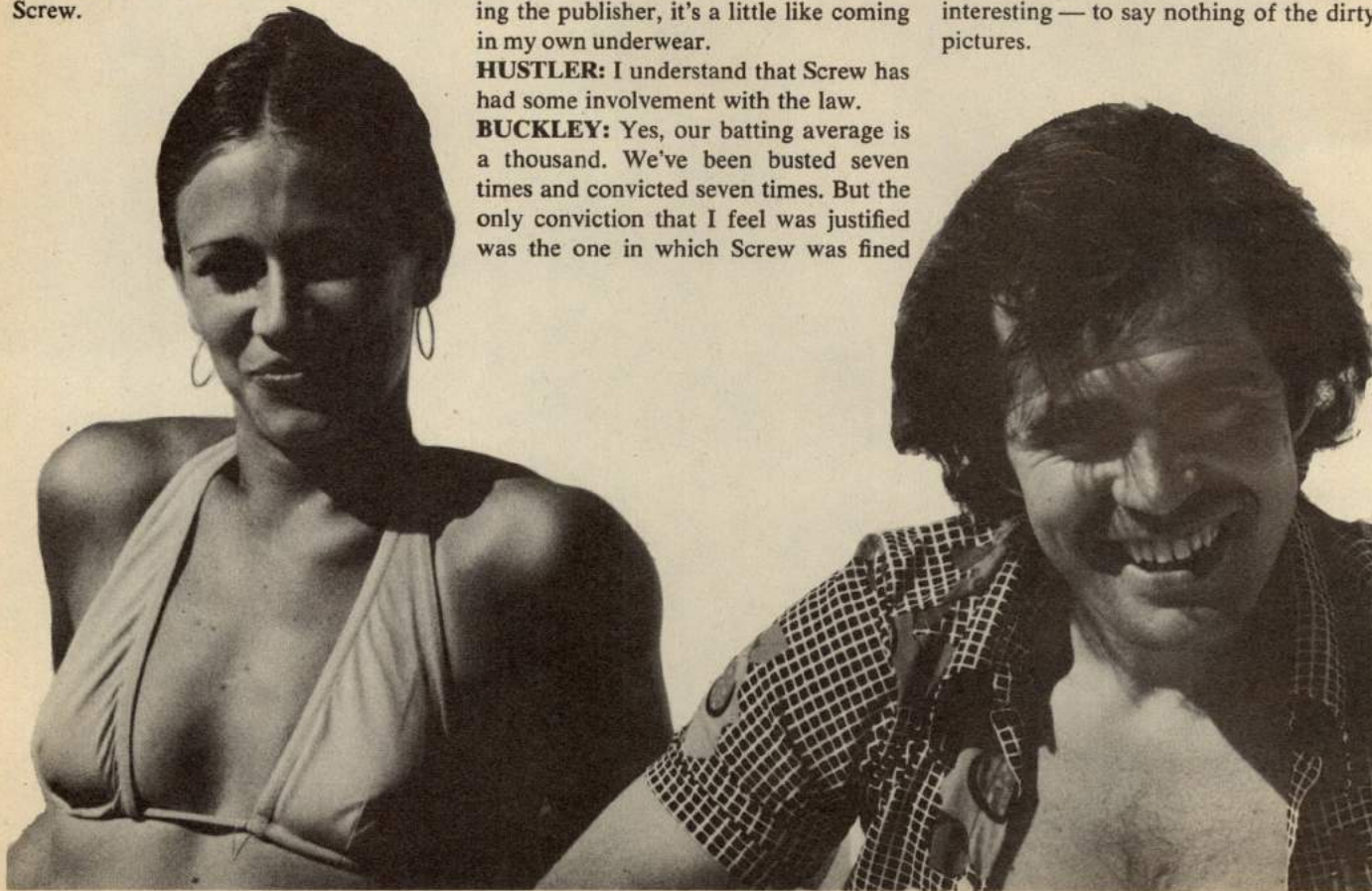
HUSTLER: In the July 22, 1974 issue of Screw there is an ad that reads:

If you're a backwards guy . . . who can dig an absolutely gorgeous redhead in her backyard, call anal Joyce. My luxurious place or yours. Noon till 2 a.m.

What do you think Joyce is up to?

BUCKLEY: Probably \$50 an hour. Quite frankly, I think the ads keep the hookers off the street. Instead of soliciting men on the street, they can simply place an ad and work from the comfort of their apartments. I think that Screw advertising has done more to clean up the streets than the police department.

HUSTLER: I think what makes Screw superior to the other sex reviews is that the articles are always informative and interesting — to say nothing of the dirty pictures.



JIM BUCKLEY'S SCREW: After Deep Throat made Linda Lovelace an international celebrity, why did Al Goldstein publish photos of her being fucked by a German shepherd?

BUCKLEY: Well, we haven't won any Pulitzer prizes, but we do strive for editorial excellence and imaginative writing. Al is responsible for most of the editorial content and I've created some of the continuing weekly features such as: Smut from the Past and Screw's Shit List, and . . . as a matter of fact, some of our recent Shit List's have spotlighted such turds as President Nixon, Henry Kissinger and The New York Times.

HUSTLER: Screw rates the massage parlors in New York from one peter to four peters depending on physical facilities, comfort and ambiance — not on the availability of sex; don't you think that more goes on than the gentle kneading of tired back muscles?

BUCKLEY: Well, I suppose if we had a nickel for every blowjob, we could pay off the national debt but, of course, reporting on the quality of fellatio is unlawful at the present time. Our reporters go unannounced to these massage parlors, pay the going rate, and report honestly on the conditions they encounter.

HUSTLER: When Screw reviews a porno movie, the review has as much power as a N.Y. Times review does of a Broadway play. Al Goldstein gave Deep Throat a 100% on the peter meter and turned it into a box office smash. How legitimate was that review?

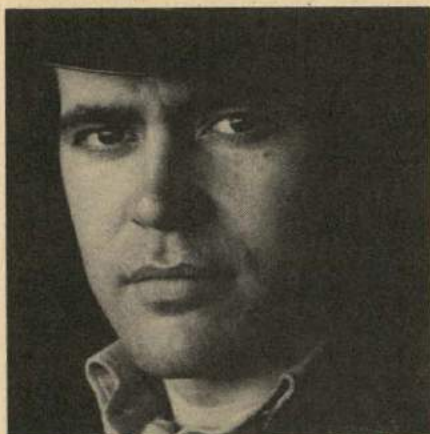
BUCKLEY: It scored 90% on the peter meter, but Al added 10% when Linda Lovelace went down on him for forty minutes. I was too embarrassed to have her go down on me because I wouldn't have lasted two minutes. So I just stood by and photographed it for posterity.

HUSTLER: After Deep Throat made Linda Lovelace an international celebrity, why did Al Goldstein publish photos of her being fucked by a German shepherd?

BUCKLEY: Most people think it's because she refused to star in *It Happened in Hollywood*, the greatest porno movie ever made, but . . .

HUSTLER: Didn't you produce that movie, Jim?

BUCKLEY: Funny you should mention it; it was Screw's first venture into the movie world. Anyway, the real reason those photos of Linda were printed was that Al resented Linda's search for legitimacy. As a matter of fact, those pictures were printed seven different times in the pages of Screw.



HUSTLER: Besides producing *It Happened in Hollywood*, didn't you also have a part in the movie?

BUCKLEY: Yes, but only a small non-sexual part. I did the Bob Hope bit in a take-off on the Oscar awards. I presented a silver cock to Felicity Split, the star. Naturally, Al played a high priest who was lavished upon by lovelies and got blown. Oh well, you can't win 'em all.

HUSTLER: Felicity Split got great reviews, but I haven't heard about her since. What's she doing now?

BUCKLEY: Felicity Split is a stage name for Melissa Hall, a Queens housewife who has a husband and two children. She made the movie on an erotic impulse and says that she'll never do another one. We offered her a percentage of the film, but she opted for a flat fee.

HUSTLER: How did that work out?

BUCKLEY: Good for us . . . bad for her. Our initial investment was \$35,000, and the picture made a million.

HUSTLER: Are you working on any other movies?

BUCKLEY: We just finished shooting our second film in Los Angeles called *Kitty Can't Help It*. It's an "R" rated feature with a little sex, a little violence and a lot of love.

HUSTLER: Only a little sex?

BUCKLEY: Well, the reason we decided to do an "R" rated movie was to keep from being hassled by the police. Believe me, it gets tiring always looking over your shoulder for the law. My interest now is in making sex films that have enough socially redeeming content to prevent them from being busted by the police.

HUSTLER: Are you into drugs at all?

BUCKLEY: I know it's hard to believe, but I really lead a very straight life. I'm

not into drugs at all and, by the way, neither is Al.

HUSTLER: When you say straight, does that include your sex life?

BUCKLEY: Yes, even though sex is my business, I've somehow managed to lead a monogamous life. My wife and I don't swing or get involved in group sex at all. The kindest thing I do is go around the corner to the local bar after work. There's a go-go dancer there and for a buck you can kiss her pussy. I like to watch, but I've never partaken.

HUSTLER: What other kinds of things turn you on?

BUCKLEY: Asses, legs and looking at fourteen year old girls.

HUSTLER: Do you have any sex problems?

BUCKLEY: Sometimes I wish I were a little freer, but I wouldn't exactly call it a problem.

HUSTLER: What is your opinion of the sex experts, such as Dr. Rubens, Masters and Johnson and Dr. Calderone?

BUCKLEY: I think they're all a bunch of assholes. They couldn't cure a mild case of ring-around-the-rectum. One issue of Screw does more to promote healthy sex than all of their half-baked reports.

HUSTLER: What does your wife think of your business?

BUCKLEY: When I first met my wife, I didn't tell her what I was doing for a living. We dated for a while and when I finally told her, she was appalled. Her psychiatrist advised her to drop me, that I would certainly drag her down into the gutter, but now she peeks happily over the curbstone.

HUSTLER: How would you feel about your children going into the business?

BUCKLEY: I don't have any children right now, but if I did, I wouldn't mind my son taking over. However, since Screw is so male oriented, I don't think a girl would be interested in handling it . . . especially since the women's liberation movement is so anti-pornography.

HUSTLER: Is your wife involved in the feminist movement?

BUCKLEY: No, she's very traditional; she cooks, she sews, she cleans the house and leaves all the decision-making to me. However, I do believe that women have been treated as a minority group and I agree with the basic principles of the movement. Of course, there are areas in

JIM BUCKLEY'S SCREW: Well, if you're thinking of buying me out, you can write out a check for \$500,000. And you'll have to ask Al what he wants for his half.

which men are superior to women. Let's face it, we are the stronger sex.

HUSTLER: How has success changed your life style?

BUCKLEY: It's changed it totally. When I was a lowly typesetter for the New York Free Press making a hundred bucks a week, I was a socialist. I didn't believe in the ownership of property. I believed that property belonged to the people. Now I believe it should belong to me. You see, since I've become financially successful through Screw, I've become a true Rockefeller-type capitalist.

HUSTLER: What do you do in your spare time?

BUCKLEY: Every weekend my wife and I go up to our farm in the country and relax. I usually try to get in a few rounds of golf.

HUSTLER: How's your game?

BUCKLEY: Pretty good. Low 80's.

HUSTLER: From what you've told us, Jim, you seem like a pretty conventional sort of guy. What kind of background do you have?

BUCKLEY: I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, a semi-rural community.

My father was an electrician, my mother a waitress. When I was young, they fought a lot and my brother and I were dumped off at the local Catholic institutions. Those places aren't exactly Sunnybrook Farm, and my memories of them aren't very pleasant. By the time I was eleven, my parents had reconciled their differences, and my brother and I were returned to live at home again. After high school I couldn't afford to go to college so I joined the Navy to learn a trade. For four years I served as a radio man aboard a U.S. destroyer in the Pacific. After the Navy my life still didn't have any direction and my only salable skill was my typing ability. So I took off for San Francisco and landed a job as a teletype operator at a financial outfit, Eastman Dillon. The job bored me silly so I dropped out and split for Mexico. In 1965 I was making fudge at the New York World's Fair. Unknown to me at the time, my future partner, Al Goldstein, was working a few hundred yards away at a dime pitch. Shortly after the fair ended, Al and I met and started Screw.

HUSTLER: I'm sure your parents didn't

object to your joining the Navy or making fudge, but what was their reaction to Screw.

BUCKLEY: It took four years before my father would speak to me. But after the Watergate scandal broke, it changed his attitude about a lot of things, and now we're quite close. The paper had no effect on my relationship with my mother. In fact, she even submitted an anti-censorship poem to Screw.

HUSTLER: What do you think of the Supreme Court's decisions on obscenity?

BUCKLEY: They'd make wonderful replacements for Sears and Roebuck catalogues in outhouses.

HUSTLER: Who would you like to see in the White House in '76?

BUCKLEY: Ted Kennedy. The bridge incident was unfortunate, but I hope the American people could overlook it and vote him in. I think he's got a good head.

HUSTLER: Has any politician threatened to sue you because they were written up on your Shit List?

BUCKLEY: They couldn't even if they wanted to. We're very careful about our descriptive language. If you call someone a prostitute, for example, they can sue you for libel unless you can prove it. But if you call someone a turd or an asshole, that can't be proved or disproved in a court of law, since those possibilities don't exist.

HUSTLER: Do many celebrities subscribe to Screw?

BUCKLEY: I'm not that familiar with the subscription list. Right now, only two come to mind, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Henry Miller.


HUSTLER: Who's your favorite porno star?

BUCKLEY: Erotically, Linda Lovelace would have to be on top of the list, but as an all around star, Marilyn Chambers is probably the best. And unquestionably, she has the greatest ass.

HUSTLER: How much is your business worth at this point?

BUCKLEY: Well, if you're thinking of buying me out, you can write out a check for \$500,000. And you'll have to ask Al what he wants for his half.

HUSTLER: You have correspondents in London, Paris, Copenhagen and Amsterdam; how come no one's covering the Far East?

BUCKLEY: There's a virulent strain of syphilis that keeps knocking them off every time we send them out. 





Advice & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advice & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

As a young girl—somewhere between five and ten—I was easily excited riding in the back seat of our car. Whenever it went over a bump, I felt a queazy, tickly feeling around my vagina. I would always ask my father to tell me when a bump was coming so that I could anticipate that glorious feeling of sexual arousal, although I did not know what I was feeling was "sexual."

Sometime after I found out "how babies are made," (I was about eight), I was riding in the car and getting off on the bumps when I saw a horse with his penis dropped way down. I imagined him entering me as I was going over the bumps in the road, and ever since then I have thought of a horse penetrating me, to bring about orgasm. Sometimes, when my lover is licking me "down there," I imagine that he is a dog, and I come right away. I don't always fantasize about animals; I fantasize about people, too! But I've never told my fantasies to anybody, for fear they would think me perverted. Now I'm beginning to wonder.

C. J.
Chicago, Ill.

There is surprisingly little data on people's sexual fantasies. People are, like yourself, just beginning to open

up. However, according to the few studies that have been conducted, you are not alone. Perhaps animals play a part in our sexual fantasies because we see animals making love before we see humans making love.

I teach fifth grade in a small town in the midwest and am beginning to think that I have a sexual problem. I find myself being really excited by giving my boys a good whallop across the buttocks, even looking to see if I gave them an erection. I never punish them unnecessarily . . . I'm just wondering if my feelings are normal.

Name Withheld By Request
Cincinnati, Ohio

You could have the makings of strong sadistic tendencies. Our advice is to seek psychiatric consultation, even if it means traveling out of town. All it takes is a moment's loss of control to seriously harm one of your students and damage your reputation forever.

I'm looking for a get-up for my wife to wear — a get-up that will sexually stimulate her and "get me up," too. What's the latest thing on the market?

Hal Benson
Des Moines, Iowa

We have recently heard of a new bra-and-panty outfit on the Scandinavian market. It consists of a very tight rubber g-string that holds a plug in the vagina and knob over the clitoris. The bra is equipped to grip the nipples and stimulate the breasts all over. Your wife's every movement will stimulate her — and you!

I just met this French gal, who really turns me on. We go at it like crazy. I have several orgasms, but I'm wondering if she has any. How can I be sure?

Pete Steitz
Detroit, Michigan

Ask her.

I am very happily married and my husband and I make love every night before falling asleep. It just seems natural. From time to time, I have found myself, however, thinking of my girlfriend when he performs cunnilingus — imagining that it is she who wants me. Does this mean that I am a repressed lesbian? Should I discuss my fantasy with my husband?

Debby Andrews
Peoria, Illinois

By all means, tell your husband what goes through your mind during sex, what turns you on. Otherwise, you'll just harbor guilt. Homosexual fantasies are so common in heterosexual individuals that they have little significance outside of being stimulating.

My wife and I have sexual relations about once a month. That's the way it's been for several years, and it seemed to suit us both OK. But lately she seems indifferent. What do you think could be the trouble?

H. J.

Eagle River, Wisconsin

Perhaps your wife would like to have sex more than once a month, but has been too shy to say so. Her "indifference" may be an expression of her frustration — a frustration she doesn't know how to tell you about. She may, in fact, be wishing you'd rape her. Start making love to her once a week, at least. Talk to her about the situation. We suspect you'll be pleasantly surprised.

I would like to try group sex, but I don't know how to go about it. From little things she's said, I think my wife would go along with the idea. Any suggestions?

Don Lindsey
Corvallis, Oregon

You don't say whether you mean having sex with your wife in the presence of others or actually having sex with other individuals in the group.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Continued from page 27

Another point you should consider is whether you want a group experience to intensify sexual feelings you already have or whether you're looking for a substitute, and why? If you think and talk the matter over carefully, considering the possible dangers (getting seriously involved with someone else, becoming unreasonably jealous, getting too callous, etc.) as well as the pleasures (obvious), and you still want to try it, then go to it. One of the easiest ways to get into it is with one other couple—either close friends or strangers. Talk to a likely friend and check the want ads in underground publications.

Why would a woman turn to another woman for sex when a perfectly good cock is available?

M. B.
Akron, Ohio

One possibility is that women want tenderness in a lover just as men do. A man can usually find a tender woman, if that's what he wants. Tender men are harder to find. If a woman has not experienced a tender male lover (or fears that she will not), she might be attracted to another woman. Breasts are a "symbol" of caring and sometimes a woman is turned on by another's breasts even though she would not go so far as to have sex with her.

What's all this nonsense about 600 positions for intercourse? I find the usual man-on-top, woman-on-the-bottom perfectly satisfactory, and so do my partners.

Name Withheld By Request
Summit, New Jersey

Of course it's satisfactory. That's why it's used so much. Reasons for trying the other 600 include (1) warding off boredom and (2) finding ways to make the woman have more and/or better orgasms while delaying (and thus intensifying) the man's.

My wife and I are thinking about having a baby and the other night we got into a discussion about whether, if the baby is a boy, we should have him circumcised or not. Most men I know are circumcised. Some guys who are not have told me they had problems in the sex act as well as with keeping clean. So I say a boy

should be circumcised. But my wife says she likes the looks of an uncircumcised penis, and besides, she hates to think of a boy having anything cut off. What's the latest info?

Claude Conroy
Lansing, Michigan

The latest, friend, is Back to Nature. Unshaven armpits are in and so are foreskins. Scientific studies do show there are fewer chances of cancer of the penis and cervix in couples where the man is circumcised. Jewish women, for instance, have a low incidence of cervical cancer. But some authorities think keeping well washed is just as good. A man does have a wider range of sensitivity if he has a foreskin. However, before making a final decision, talk to a couple of doctors about it, but try to find ones who are abreast of modern medicine. One more thing to think about—in some societies, its traditional to cut off girls' clitorises!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Although I found your debut issue of HUSTLER to be somewhat less than impressive, your centerfold was incredible. Marida Lindbloom is one of the most beautiful women ever to appear in anyone's magazine. Those first two pages were worth the price of the magazine.

BILL BROWN
Massapequa, New York

(Along with the pictures, we do hope you find the rest of the magazine interesting.)

I just finished reading Vol. 1, No. 1 and liked your no bullshit approach. Your magazine is readable which is more than I can say for some others and your women are superb—they look like women and not like the ultra-sophisticated stereotypes turned out at the Playboy mill. I'm a garter belt and stocking freak so lets see more in future issues. I'd also like to see more ass shots too. In short, I like your magazine very much and hope future issues will be even better, so I can read and look on.

DENNIS KOENIG
Clifton, New Jersey

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HUSTLER

Congratulations on your initial issue. I wish to extend my sincere thanks for a fine publication. It already appears that you are in front of the opposition with just your first issue. I especially enjoyed the women wearing black hose and garter belts. Keep that pictorial idea in the forefront. Also feature women with large breasts. I'm a fan of them. I must strongly recommend a pictorial essay, nude or clothed, of the following women as per your (Sex Survey) question #11. 1) Raquel Welch, 2) Lainie Kazan, 3) Maria Muldaur, and 4) the divine Bette Midler. I hope to see these women in the near future. Keep up the fine work and tasteful layouts and I shall be a continual buyer of your magazine.

DAVID BEEN

Greenbelt, Maryland

(Our work is getting finer all the time and the layouts will continue to please. Raquel, Lainie, et al are very busy women but we're attempting to set something up. Keep an eye on future issues.)

I am writing to say that you should have naked men in your magazine. Chicks are cool but us dudes are cool too, so a shot or two of some guy in the nude would really be groovy. Don't get me wrong, I'm not gay. Hope to see some of "us" in your future issues.

B.Z.

Washington, D.C.

(Your request has been answered. Take a look thru this magazine. You'll be pleasantly surprised.)

My main complaint of some "sport" magazines is that the center staple does not stay and the centerfold slips out. I keep my copies forever.

H. A. NEGRETE

Denver, Colorado

(We are using sturdier staples, so you shouldn't have too much of a problem in the future. Another solution — don't treat our centerfolds so rough — they'll stay in shape longer!)

Life here at the Alaskan Pipeline sight is hard especially when guys are separated from friends, families and loved ones. It's even worse since there are no females within 100-200 miles. However, seeing your beautiful women, artfully photographed in your magazine does help life. Good luck in the future and keep the girls coming our way.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Anchorage, Alaska

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- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Eric Weber





LARRY FLYNT
Hustler Publisher

Publisher's Statement

In two years we are going to celebrate the country's bicentennial. It will commemorate two hundred years since the constitution was signed and the first laws went on the books. We've made great progress during those years, especially in the areas of medicine, science, space and technology, yet in other major areas we have not moved along quite so rapidly. Our legal system, for instance.

Some of the laws in effect today, especially dealing with sexual activities, are as old as the country. It is a little known fact that sexual intercourse outside of marriage is a crime in 31 states punishable by a maximum of 5 years in prison and up to a \$2,000 fine. Laws against fornication, adultery, sodomy, cohabitation and any other "unnatural" sexual acts are, beyond a doubt, antiquated but nevertheless enforced, if only on an inconsistent basis. For example, laws against cohabitation can and have been used to nail people living in communes and even in cancelling insurance policies on the grounds that two people were living together "without the benefit of wedlock." And laws against sodomy have been used extensively to harass and invade the privacy of thousands of individuals.

In Louisiana the law does not prohibit sex for money, however, it does hold the woman libel. As a district judge in Baton Rouge recently explained, "Since sex is not criminal, and money is not criminal, and female-male money sex is not criminal, but male-

female moneyed sex *is* criminal, the law is irrational."

Discrimination against women, especially regarding sex laws, is very common due to society's old established double standards. Unmarried women with children have even been turned down for running as homecoming queen. As the Missouri high school principal stated: "Only virgins can run for homecoming queen."

Laws against obscenity, which I have touched upon in previous statements, have run rampant, obscenity being anything from a hard core porno film to using four letter words in a public place. And people are being affected by these laws on a daily basis.

One Tulsa, Oklahoma family man was sentenced to prison for 15 years and fined \$25,000 for "selling an allegedly obscene magazine to a police agent." The agent, being about 27 years old, had obviously entered the store with the intent of buying the magazine. In the same context, another Tulsa man convicted of manslaughter, was sentenced to 4 years. What is more of a threat to society — the taking of human life or the selling of sexually oriented material?

Of course, with such outrageous and unreasonable laws already in existence, one can either hope for repeal and complete revision of the state statutes or expect the addition of new laws. Another alternative is to live with the continued abusive use of these laws by officials in harassing individuals.

Since the repeal and revision of a law is very time-consuming and impossible without the strong support from the public, who are not even aware of some of these laws being on the books, or a special interest group set up specifically for this purpose, most of the already present laws will remain as a threat to anyone that permits sex to play a part in their daily lives.

As for the new laws — New Baltimore, Michigan recently passed an anti-obscenity law stating that the exposure of buttocks is offensive, even in baby powder ads!

If this is the type of new laws we can look forward to in taking the place of the old — I truly wonder where and why the conscience of society is hiding.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

continued from page 15

land, USA. This sparkling new auditorium, home of the nation's top and soon-to-be top country/western stars, is a monument to what was once a one night a week radio show and now is a music fad sweeping the nation. If you're not in town on Opry night, browse through the **Country Music Hall of Fame** (and then you might want to take time to visit the **Hermitage**, Andy Jackson's homestead). For food in this heartland of hominy and grits, try **Vizcaya** for some good Spanish and continental dishes in a beautiful European setting. **Silver Wings** is good, too. International favorites along with live music. **The Hearth** is fine for steaks, seafood and chops.

TEXAS

San Antonio: If you're not an old San Antonio hand, be sure to inquire about the lovely **River Walk** and its cafes, night spots and restaurants. Something for everyone from les girls to family eateries. If you go for odd-ball food items, try a kangaroo sandwich at the **Kangaroo Court**. Good Indian food at **Sindor's**. For really top continental food try **La Lausiane**. Good combos and dance floor, too. The **San Francisco Steak House** is fine for beef, while down the road toward Austin is a really charming spot, the **John Charles Restaurant**. Here is probably the finest wine cellar in the whole Lone Star State. There's always a good combo for listening and dancing. (Be careful not to step into the natural creek that meanders right through the dining room.) If you're there on a week-end, check into the schedule of the up-and-coming young pro football team, the **Torros**.

WASHINGTON

Seattle: Things are rather cultural from an entertainment standpoint in this northwestern city. At the **Opera House** the symphony will be on deck on the 7th, 8th, 21st and 22nd. The "Barber of Seville" will be starting a several day run on the 31st, and at the **Play House**, the **Repertory Theater** will start **Hamlet** on the 16th for a multi-week run. Food-wise there's lots going on in town. Some really fine new restaurants have come into being

in the recent past. The **Pioneer Square** area is well worth looking into. Check the **Prague** for exceptional central European dishes, and the **Timber Lakes** for great steaks and sea food. Downtown among the better places are **Rossellini's** for Italian items and the **Space Needle** is still well-rated. In Bellevue look into **Jonah and the Whale** for good local area sea foods.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: When not downing a stein or two or three, there's a few good hours to be spent touring any of the famed breweries in this beer capital of the USA. Most have conducted tours that are really fascinating. On the 16th, Opera fans have a treat at the **Performing Arts Center** when Metropolitan mezzo-soprano **Shirley Verrett** is to be heard in concert. **Center Stage Dinner Playhouse** will be "bright," during October, but at this writing the vehicle has not been firmed up. The **Milwaukee Symphony** will be available on some evenings during October, with programs yet to be announced. Again we'll suggest **Frenchy's Cafe** for roast duck Normandy, and in-season game. Look downstairs into **Frenchy's Bulldog Pub** for a different sort of menu and decor. **Selen's Prime Rib** is not to be passed up by beef lovers. A comer is **Eugene's Juneau** with a good French-American menu.

THE CARIBBEAN

Curacao: The Dutch are noted for their stuffiness... and their fantastic ability to control a tremendous amount of the world's wealth through such companies as Shell Oil, Lever Brothers, Norelco and Phillips. But get 'em away from home, like down in the Netherlands islands in the Caribbean, and you'll find another side of Dutch life. For instance, take the **Sands Hotel**. One of the nicest casinos you'll find this side of Vegas. Terrific golf and other diversions including auto racing, sky diving, skeet shooting and bowling. Top-level international entertainment nightly. And the **Curacao Hilton** isn't to be out-done. There's nightly entertainment and dancing in one of the finest night clubs you'd

ever want. The **Inter-Continental Curacao** looks over the water from a jut of land and is a strong rival for night life on the island with a good casino and a swinging night club right in the main building. A little closer to the main line of things, tourist-wise, is Jamaica. Lots of things written lately about the surliness of the locals since independence. But the government knows what the Yankee Dollar means and they've had a strong campaign to off-set the problem. Seems to be working, too. The **Royal Caribbean** at Montego Bay has got to be one of the plushest spots in the entire Caribbean. Owned by **Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Paul**, the place is like a movie-land estate, stretching along hundreds of feet of snowy-white beach. This is an adults-only entertainment and get-away mecca. Take it from there.

MEXICO

Mexico City: "Mexico" or "DF" (for distrito federal) as the jewel-like capital city is called by the locals and old Mexico hands, is one of the true fun cities of the world. And a beautiful one at that. For colonial charm in rooms and dining look into the quiet little **Hotel Montejo**. It's right on Reforma, almost across the multi-lane boulevard from the American Embassy. Good entertainment on some nights. The **Maria Isabel Sheraton** just down from the Reforma a few blocks and across the street is an excellent modern hotel, among the best you'll find anywhere. Top-flight singles and small combos in the lounge nightly. Try the **Chalet Suisse** just around the corner on Av. Londres for an excellent meal. There's a little bit of anything from Italian to Swiss to Mexican. For the tops in luxury, get to the **Restaurant del Lago** high above Chapultepec. This surely has to be among the top ten most beautiful restaurants in the world, while the service and food is in the same rank. Don't be surprised if you find yourself dining with an entire retinue standing by. No use making suggestions on what to do in DF. There's everything from old pyramids and night spots, to fantastic museums to the floating gardens, to Sunday bullfights to the folklorica ballet. **DU**

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After all, why should you care if I make \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at

our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:

American State Bank
675 South Main Street, Orange, California 92668

Joe Karbo
380 Madison Ave., Dept. RS-931
New York, N.Y. 10017

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for any reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

Name _____

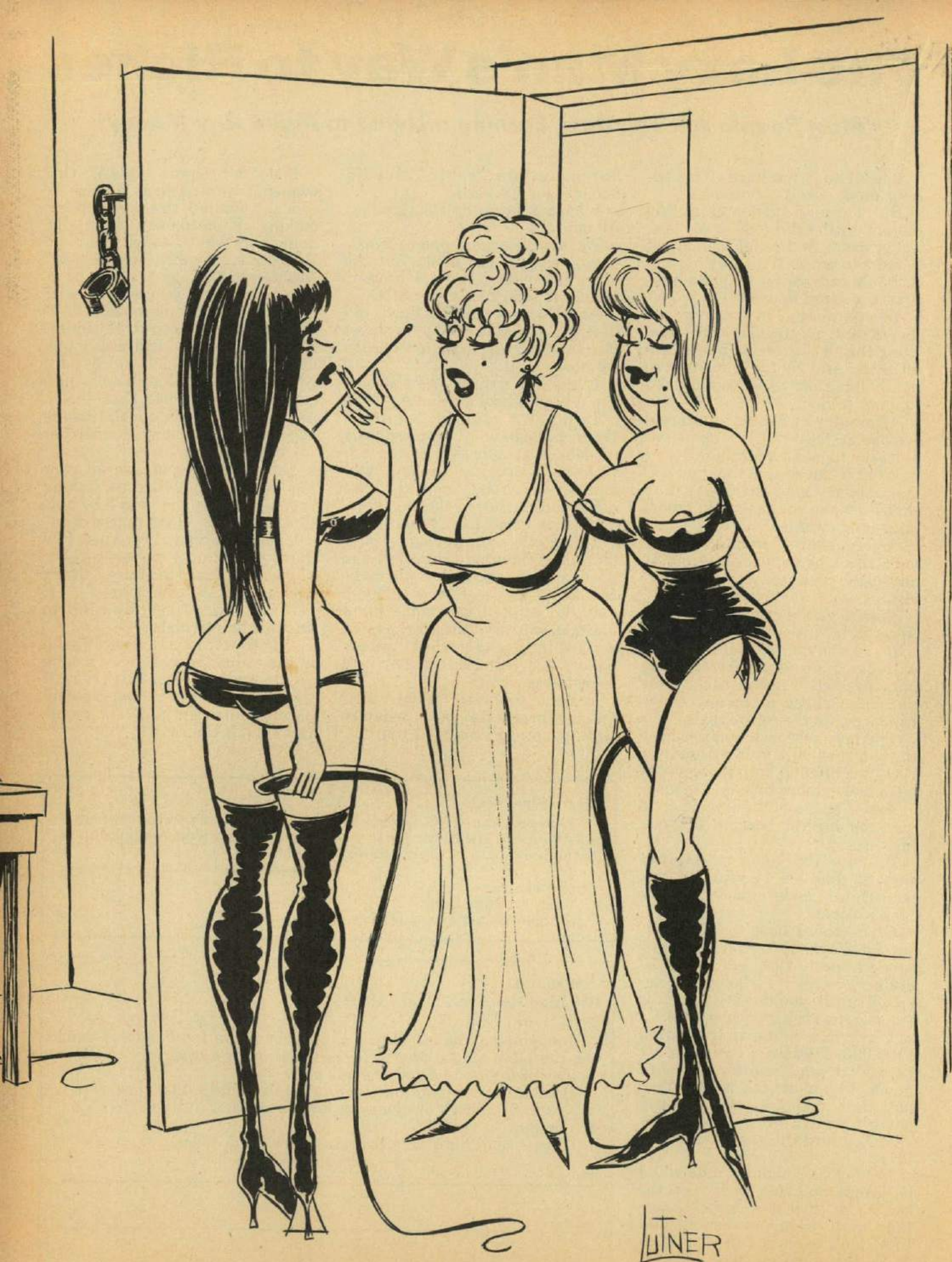
Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

© 1973 Joe Karbo



"Sorry Zoe, but you're losing your arm, so I'm trading you for a promising young rookie."

Really Getting Down...

Cathy and Joe

Joe and Cathy were never together before their meeting at the Toledo Hustler Club but now they will never be apart. They didn't know of each other's existence until, late one night, eye met eye, pulse matched pulse and the mood was set with each breath. Looks led to talk which, in turn, revealed their true intentions for each other. Even after first meeting, they both knew their impulses were strong and driving even if only an animal desire, they had to see it thru.









After arriving at Joe's apartment, they couldn't undress fast enough to explore each other's magnificent physiques. Cathy's large breasts with small, pert nipples, her flat firm stomach and the perfect V joining her long slender legs to form a sweetly scented snatch with young tender lips slightly protruding from her reddish-brown bush, nicely accented by a shapely, grabbable ass was the main object of Joe's desire.





His hands
and lips
could not feel,
kiss and
massage
enough of
her lovely
form.

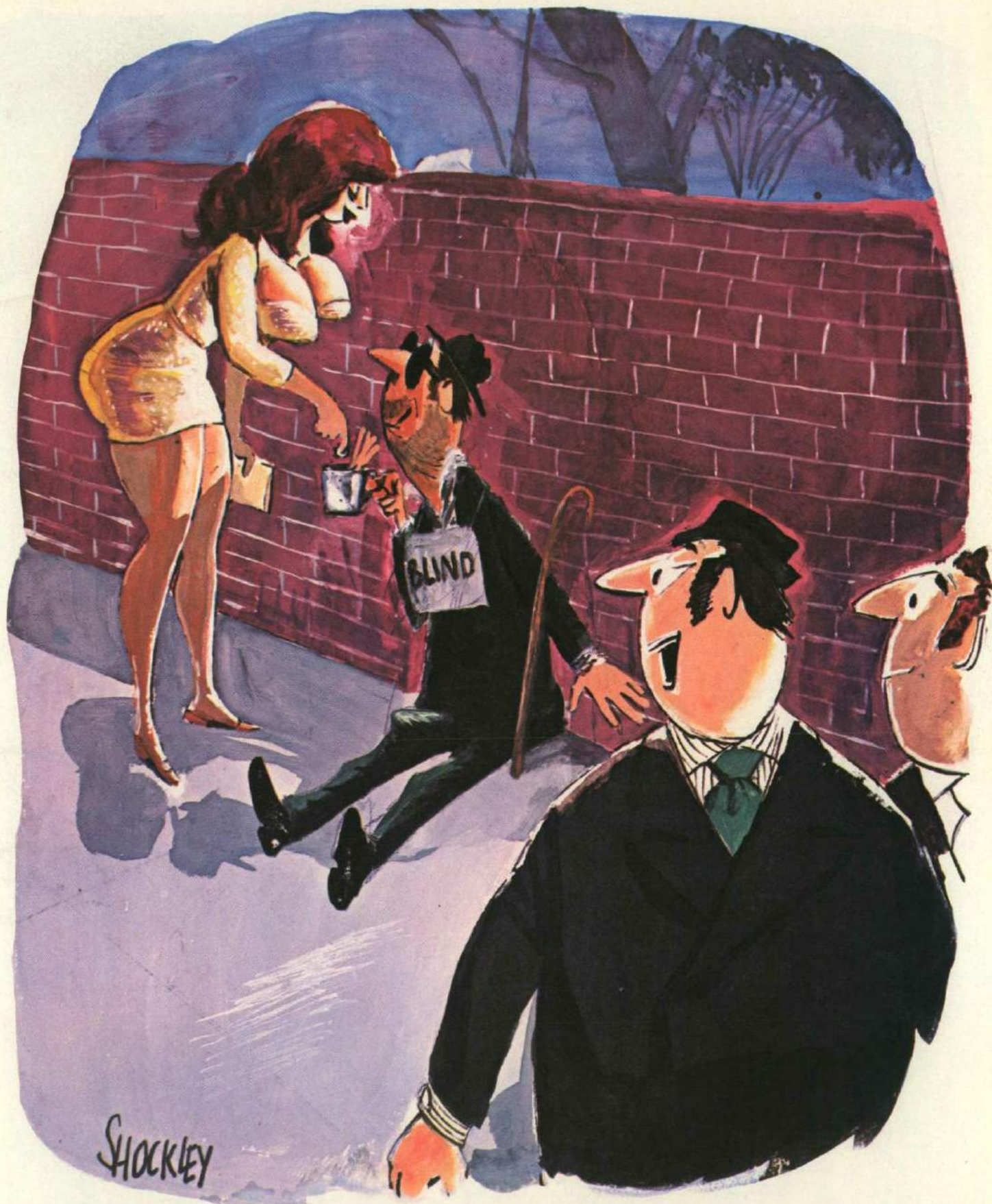
His own body was a perfect match for hers, especially his long, slender ramrod—a snug fit in her slit.

Hour after hour they played and explored from one room of the apartment to another, to the patio and back, in every imaginable position, a couple of which Cathy was completely unfamiliar with but satisfied by nevertheless. One position, the Viennese oyster, was a totally new, experience. She placed her legs around the back of her head and Joe laid over her and did his thing. She couldn't move real well in that position but she didn't necessarily have to—Joe got off just as well.

After what seemed to be an eternity, actually an entire night well into the sunrise hours, complete exhaustion set in and a couple hours of strength restoring sleep was welcome but only to sustain them for another and still another day and night of fucking, sucking, hoing, humming and reaming.

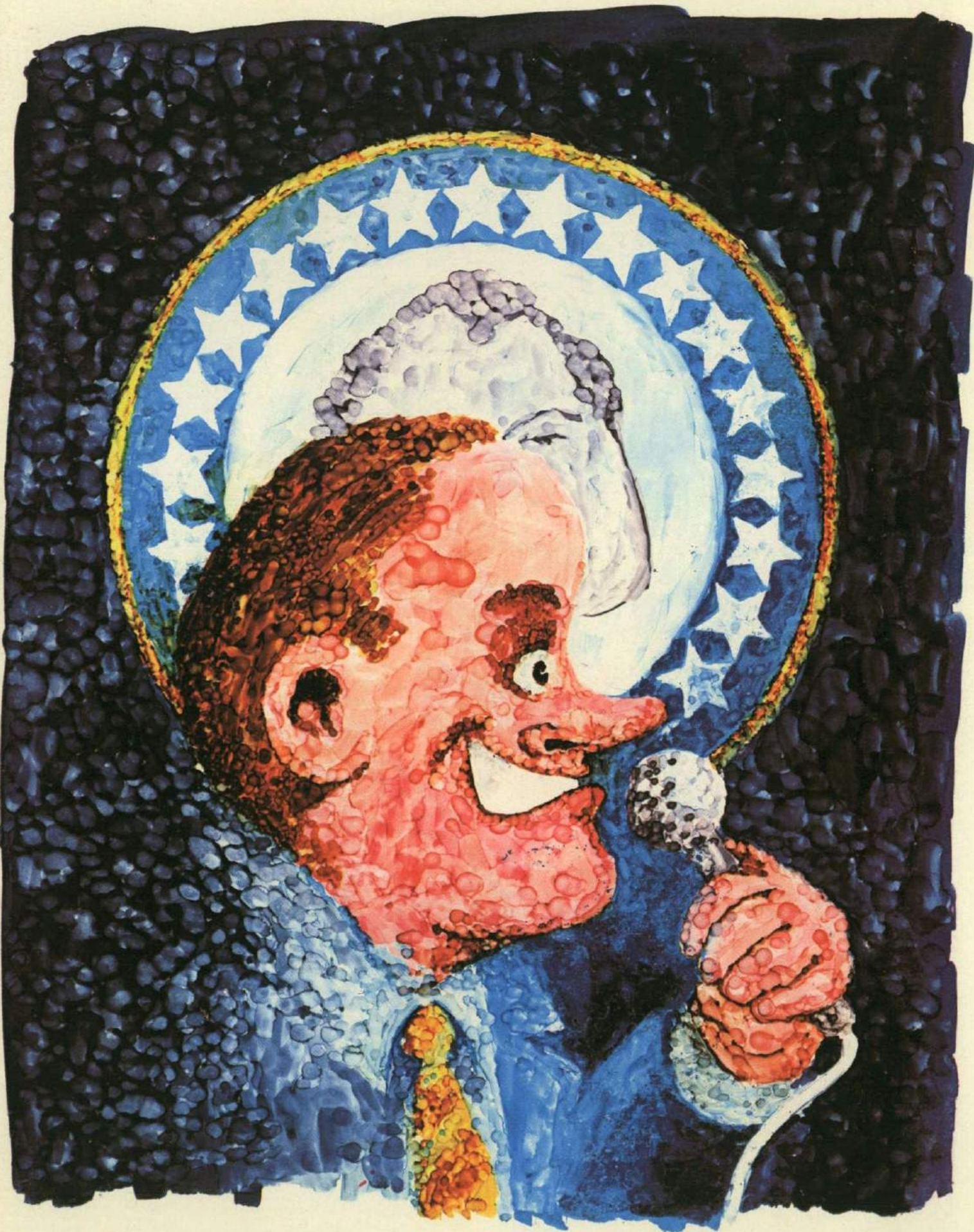
Joe and Cathy are still together, and for all we know, still gettin' down to business in their Toledo hideaway. And just think, it may never have happened if it weren't for the Hustler Club, where people go to get together.





"Blind, My Ass!"

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THE MILHOUSE AWARDS



by Robert Gutschick and Bob Goodrich

(TEN SECONDS TO AIR TIME)

(THREE-TWO-Cue the Music-ONE-Cut to Opening Logo-Cue the Announcer)

Announcer: From Washington D.C., the heart of politics, International Telephone and Telegraph presents the first annual Milhouse Awards.

Goodrich: Good evening ladies and gentlemen. This is Bob Goodrich. I'm standing in front of the infamous Watergate complex where tonight the Who's Who in politics is gathered for the presentation of the first annual Milhouse Awards.

Since this is the first time the Milhouse is being awarded we though we'd explain exactly what it is. To do that we go inside to our man on Capitol Hill, Ed Tyk, Ed?

Tyk: Thanks Bob, let's first give a little background on the Milhouse itself.

Almost every field has its awards for achievement. Motion pictures has the Oscars, television the Emmy. In keeping with this, the people in politics have instituted the Milhouse.

To be eligible for the Milhouse, a person must be a pro-

fessional politician or political worker, no patronage employees allowed.

The Milhouse is awarded for political maneuvering. Predictably this year the awards were swept away by the Watergate affair.

Let's take a look at the Milhouse statue.

As you can see the Milhouse is a large set of jowls shaded by the 5 o'clock shadow. It is cast in lead and can be worn around the recipient's neck or displayed on the twin V for victory display stand. Now back to Bob.

Goodrich: Thanks for the rundown Ed. Tonight's telecast is brought to you by International Telephone and Telegraph in co-operation with the Dairy Association who reminds you to contribute to the candidate of your choice.

We've received word that the Chief Executive is across the street at the Howard Johnson's watching this telecast.

And now it looks like the presentations are about to begin.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, your host for the first annual Milhouse Awards, Mr. Bob Hope.

(Cue music, "Thanks for the Memories")


Hope: Well I wanna tell ya, I haven't seen so many politicians since Frank Sinatra's last party. (laughter)

continued on page 73

A John Weitz design from the Gallero Collection. Open plaid dress shirt outlined by a variety of colored stripings forming a secondary pattern; with a one button cuff. Fiber content: 50% Kodel and 50% cotton. About \$17.



FASHION

A man with dark, curly hair, wearing a light blue dress shirt with thin white vertical stripes and a solid blue tie, is embracing a nude woman. The woman has dark hair and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The man's hands are on the woman's shoulders and waist. The background is dark and out of focus.

A John Weitz design from
the Wedgewood
collection of Excello
Shirts. Blue dress shirt
with white pin stripes.
Features modified spread
collar and one button
cuff. Fabric content: 50%
Kodel polyester and
50% cotton. About \$16.

FASHION

A John Weitz design. Blue and white gingham sport shirt with bandanna trim in collar and cuff, also features bellows pocket. Fabric Content: 65% Dacron polyester and 35% cotton blend. About \$16.

A full-page fashion advertisement featuring a man and a woman. The man, with dark curly hair, is wearing a blue and white gingham sport shirt that is open at the collar and cuffs. The shirt has red bandanna-style trim on the collar and cuffs, and a bellows pocket. He is also wearing blue jeans and a red belt. A woman with long dark hair is standing behind him, her hands resting on his shoulders. She is wearing a red bandanna-style top. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The word "FASHION" is printed in large, white, stylized letters at the bottom of the page.

FASHION





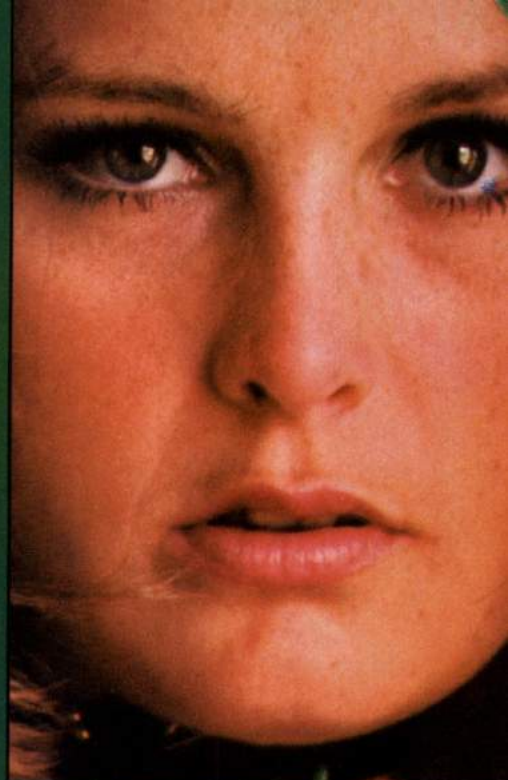
LORRAINE

Everyone should have a dream girl, if only just to keep your mind occupied on cold lonely nights. But Lorraine will do more than occupy your mind, she'll move in and take over your whole body. Fantasy is Lorraine—coming to your silken sheets at any hour, to soothe the tensions of the day and to present you with the ultimate in earthly delights making them more heavenly than you could imagine.

Your fantasy takes place. She is with you doing all of the wonderful things that you have dreamed of before—sucking, probing, feeling, knowing how to please. Her feeling your thick sturdy cock deep, deep within her loins; you feeling her snatch tightly surround your manhood & draw the juices forth. And then the ultimate freedom of orgasm again and again and again.



**In her
mind,
without you
she would
not
be. You are
her very
life source.**





Lorraine's earthly delights are obvious to even the most casual observer. Gushing with sensuality from every pore of her being, this California lass inspires great depth and passion in her admirers, which are numerous. Being with her would most definitely be the ultimate in fantasy, which is a dream-state activity using all the methods that turns you on but without letting you down. Lorraine knows the way to blast you off to the outer limits, to make your body ache for more and hunger at the very idea of carressing, kissing, and loving you.





**Gushing
with
sensuality
from every
pore
of her being,**

HUSTLER'S HONEY / NOVEMBER 1974







This sensuous being can make night and day disintegrate or she lets you travel the length of the universe, without ever leaving the comfort of your bedroom. Let her take form in your mind and she will surely satisfy all of your wildest creature comforts.

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

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(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

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hustler • humor



His computer date was a real dog. That's what you call a calculated risk.

The 19 year old youth broke up his marriage to an 80 year old woman because he found out it was just a physical attraction.

A girl known to be promiscuous ran to her girl friends shrieking "I've just been raped by 5 men, one at a time." "Easy, easy darling", tut-tutted one girl, "it could have been at the same time."

She: I want a man who can talk to me like Gregory Peck, kiss me like Tony Curtis, crush me to him like Richard Burton. Can you do all that?

He: No, but maybe I could bite you like Lassie?

Judge: "I've decided to give your wife \$40 a month alimony."

Defendant: "Thanks, Judge, I'll try to slip her a couple of dollars myself."



While at a movie.

Husband: Hey, tell that man to stop pawing you.

Wife: You tell him—I don't talk to strangers.

Hollywood Showgirl to Sugar Daddy:
"I'm returning the books and flowers, but I'm keeping the jewelry for sentimental reasons. . . ."

The boss caught his office boy at the baseball game. "So this is your uncle's funeral, eh?"

"Looks like it," said the boy, "He's the umpire!"

Salesgirl: "What is your pleasure, sir?"

Customer: "My pleasure is making love, but I came in here to buy a shirt."

How to get rid of the marijuana problem: Have the government subsidize the marijuana growers and pay them not to grow it.

Guy: How much do you charge?

Prostitute: I charge \$10 and \$15."

Guy: What do you do for \$15?

Prostitute: I tell you what a great lover you were afterwards.

A lot of drug manufacturers are putting out feminine hygiene sprays in various flavors but one firm intends to clean up by putting out spray that has the scent of vagina.



Isn't it odd how values change? Remember when a girl used to hate herself the next morning after sex. They now hate themselves if they didn't.

He: What say, Honey, let's go to my pad and ball?"

She: How dare you, had I known you'd make such an indecent proposal I'd have brought my K-Y jelly.

Description of a chastity belt: Watergate.

Marriage Counselor: You say your husband is cheating on you?

Young housewife: Yes, last week alone my husband committed adultery 6 times and I committed it only twice.

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.



*"My husband is sexually incompatible with other wives
in our wife-swapping club."*

Robin



*“If I had
to define it
I’d say
Freedom is not
being afraid to
feel whatever
you want to
in this life”*

First of all, I don’t like to wear clothes, at least not too many anyway. I also love to pass the time by lying on a big rock just letting the sun ooze the moisture from my body. I think sex is the essence of freedom or at least should be. I know that when I make it with someone I give everything in me to my partner, in any way, shape or form. I love it all, especially the filling feeling of sucking a man’s big prick and working my tongue all around it especially on the shaft.





“A
Flower
Child
in the
True
Sense”





Conceived by a cool mill stream, quietly watering the nearby earth, born in the thick underbrush of a flowering meadow, named for one of her favorite chirping companions, she is one of nature's finest products, as you can see for yourself.

“She is
Rare,
She is
Beautiful,
She is
Nature’s
Child—
She is
Robin”

Having the upbringing that has been fully inspired by nature, Robin herself is a flower child in the true sense. She loves life and freedom and feels that they are one and the same. “My life has always been free and I have always felt free to do anything I wanted, whether it was to screw madly in a field of hay or to bath naked in a babbling brook.

A photograph of a woman with wavy brown hair, wearing a yellow lace-trimmed dress, sitting outdoors. She is looking down and smiling slightly. The background is a blurred natural setting. A white rectangular box with a black border is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the name 'Robin' and a quote.

Robin

*"I like to
Express
Freedom
With my
Body"*



By Grayson MacAllister

First of all we must come to terms with the facts about Napoleon. World history, after all, was shaped in part by the fact that Napoleon had major sex problems.

It's a cruel fact for many of us who remember him as a leader of men, standing in that commanding pose with his hand in his coat, to find out that at times he was more woman than man.

The truth is that Napoleon Bonaparte had troubles most of his life. He was slightly below normal height at five feet, six inches and had sharply outlined features and a powerful lower jaw. His hands were small and plump and his complexion dark. According to his physician his pulse seldom rose above fifty beats a minute.

In short, Napoleon was probably a pituitary type. The result was that his sexual appetite was incredible. One tactful biographer put it this way: "They beset upon him on occasions which were sometimes inconvenient, and a peculiarity about them was that they subsided with equal suddenness if not immediately gratified, or if meanwhile something occurred to discourage his attention. All women were to him 'filles de joie.' Sexual rather than social attractions in women appealed to him."

This isn't so odd, of course. The 'sexual rather than social' appeals to many of us from time to time each day. But in the case of Napoleon it was most likely caused by a malfunction of his pituitary gland.

As Napoleon went through his life a feminization occurred. He lost hair on much of his body, and his physician wrote: "The whole genital system (very small) seemed to exhibit a physical cause for the absence of sexual desire, and the chastity which had been stated to have characterised him. The skin was noticed to be very white and delicate, as were the hands and arms. Indeed, the whole body was slender and effeminate."

The doctor goes on to say that his shoulders were narrow and his hips wide.

There are stories of Napoleon later in life becoming a practicing homosexual. If true, the probable reason is this physical body change that he underwent. Over the years Napoleon turned from very masculine to very feminine.

While it seems likely that Napoleon was the victim of his hormones, this explanation does not describe the causes of most sexual aberrants. Only since the discovery of psychoanalysis in this century have we learned that so often the physical plays a back seat role to the psychological.

And the catalog of sexual aberrations is not limited to those that come imme-

continued on page 95





Gail is no different than her flighty sisters. She presented **HUSTLER** with her delicate charms and flawless form at a time when she had felt free and open to express herself. She had expressed a naturalness inherent to her personality but after considering the supposed "curses" that might be brought down upon her reputation and her modeling career by a society, not necessarily naive to the facts of life (and becoming more accepting the older it gets), she requested to be dropped from the prestigious roster of tantalizing and fragile creatures that graces **HUSTLER's** pages.





GAIL

The fickleness of femininity has always been a mystery, not only to the unsuspecting male but also to the cunning female as well. "Gung ho, all ready to go," one minute then "Slam bam, No thank you man," the next.

GAIL







Why, when one is composed of so many exquisite moving parts, should these parts be hidden by a superficial layer of clothing? Once having displayed such a beauteous nature, would our society ban or impede Gail's partaking of its fruits or would they, would you, accept her readily and assist her toward any goal she is striving for?



Hi ya, Hustler! Like what you see?

Well there's more in store you can be sure
when you subscribe to **HUSTLER**.

HUSTLER PHOTOGRAPHY: *The most erotic stimulating beauties ever to grace the pages of a major men's magazine. Photographed by the best of the best.*

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HUSTLER NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE: *The only national publication in existence to offer a concise and comprehensive guide to entertainment in all cities.*

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something new once a month and always
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THE MILHOUSE AWARDS: "Voting for the Milhouse is done by phone tap courtesy of the Attorney General's office. The results are tallied by the L. Patrick Gray accountability firm."

Continued from page 43

Hope: Speaking about Frank, I think President Nixon asked him to serve as Adviser on Press Relations.

(laughter)

Seriously folks people in show business are getting more involved in politics. Look at Ronald Reagan. Reagan said if he's elected president he'll appoint Jack Benny as Secretary of Treasury.

(laughter, applause)

But I wanna tell ya, tonight is a special occasion. Tonight we present the Milhouse. It's about time you politicians got what you deserved.

(uproarious laughter, applause)

I haven't seen this many politicians laughing since George McGovern won the nomination.

(laughter)

Seriously tho, politicians are undoubtedly the most under-rated professionals in the world. Tonight we're here to honor some of our nation's best. To present our first award we have the chairman of the Committee to Recognize Achievements of Politicians. The chairman of CRAP, the honorable Sam Ervin.

(applause)

Ervin: Thank you (pause), thank you Bob. Ladies and gentlemen as chairman of CRAP it's my honor to present the first Milhouse. As you know, voting for the Milhouse is done by phone tap courtesy of the Attorney General's office. The results are then tallied by the L. Patrick Gray accountability firm, where they were kept secret until tonight's presentation.

Our first award is the *Everett Dirksen Memorial Award* for Creative Abuse of the Language.

The nominees are:

Ronald Ziegler — for *Inoperative, a White House Briefing*.

Richard Nixon—for *Campaign Speeches*, 1972.

Bob Haldeman—"I am absolutely positive about the tapes", *Watergate Testimony* 1972.

And the winner Ronald Ziegler, *Inoperative, a White House Briefing*.

(applause)

Ziegler: This comes as a real surprise. I'd just like to say that my sincere thanks are operative at this time but in the future my sincere thanks may be inoperative.

(applause)

Hope: The only reason Ron wasn't indicted is nobody can figure out what he says. To present our next award is Mr. John Dean.

(silence)

Dean: Thank you. This award, *The Dick Tuck Special Services Award* is given to the man most responsible for Campaign Smear Tactics.

The nominees are:

Richard Nixon—for *Running for Congress*, 1952.

Donald Segretti—for *The Canuck Letter by Ed Muskie*, 1972.

Richard Nixon—for *California Governor*, 1963.

Donald Segretti—for "If you liked Hitler you'll love Muskie" signed John Lindsay, Fla., 1972.

Dean: And the winner is—Donald Segretti for the *Canuck Letter by Ed Muskie*, 1972.

(applause)

Segretti: This is a great honor. First, I'd like to thank the warden for the week-end pass to be here tonight. I'd also like to thank all the people who made this honor possible. Especially Ken Clauson the writer of the Canuck letter but most of all I'd like to thank the man at the top. Thank you.

(applause)

Hope: Don, the warden called. You have 6 hours to get back. Our next presenter is a Republican's Republican. The 1976 dark horse, Senator Howard Baker.

(applause)

Baker: Thank you Bob. Our next award is for *Writing Based on Material from Another Medium*.

And the nominees are:

Richard Nixon—*Income Tax Returns*, 1969-1971.

Chuck Colson—*Vietnam Assassination Cables*, 1972.

Donald Segretti—*Campaign Smears*, 1972.

Dite Beard—*ITT memo*.

And the winner is Chuck Colson for *Vietnam Assassination Cables*, 1972.

(applause)

Colson: Thank you, I deserve this award.

(applause)

Hope: That must be some kind of record for humility in this town.

(laughter)

Hope: To present the award for sound effects. The biggest sound in Washington, Martha Mitchell.

(applause, laughter)

Martha: Thank you.

Hope: Martha, if you're uncomfortable before the microphone there's a phone booth around the corner.

(laughter)

Martha: Thank you Bob. I'm here tonight to present the Milhouse for *Sound Effects*. The nominees are:

Richard Nixon—*The White House Tapes*, 1973.

RoseMary Woods—*18 Minute Gap*, 1973.

James McCord—*Bugs at the Watergate*, 1972.

Richard Nixon—*Years of Silence*, 1973.

And the winner is RoseMary Woods for the *18 Minute Gap*, 1973.

(applause)

Announcer: Accepting for RoseMary Woods, Martha Mitchell.

Martha: RoseMary couldn't be here tonight she's with the boss. But if she were here I'm sure she'd want to thank the Sony people who made it all possible but especially the President without whom Watergate and the tapes wouldn't have been possible. Thank you.

(applause)

Hope: Martha there's a call for you back stage.

Now it's my honor to present the Milhouse for *Best Female Vocalist*. The nominees are:

Martha Mitchell—for "My phone rings true."

Julie Eisenhower—for "Daddy didn't do it."

Pat Nixon—"Silence is golden."

And the winner is Martha Mitchell for "My phone rings true."

(applause)

Martha: Thank you Bob. I'd like to thank the Bell system for their help. Also President Nixon who gave me a lot to talk about. Thank you.

(applause)

Hope: Now, for the *Best Male Vocalist*. The nominees are:

James McCord—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

John Dean—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

Herb Kalmbach—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

Richard Nixon—for "Let me make this perfectly clear."

And the winner is—John Dean for *Watergate Testimony*, 1973. (silence)

Continued on page 78



THE MOTOWN STORY

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Invest in these museum-mounted treasuries of rare U.S. coins! Five-year "buy back" warranty!

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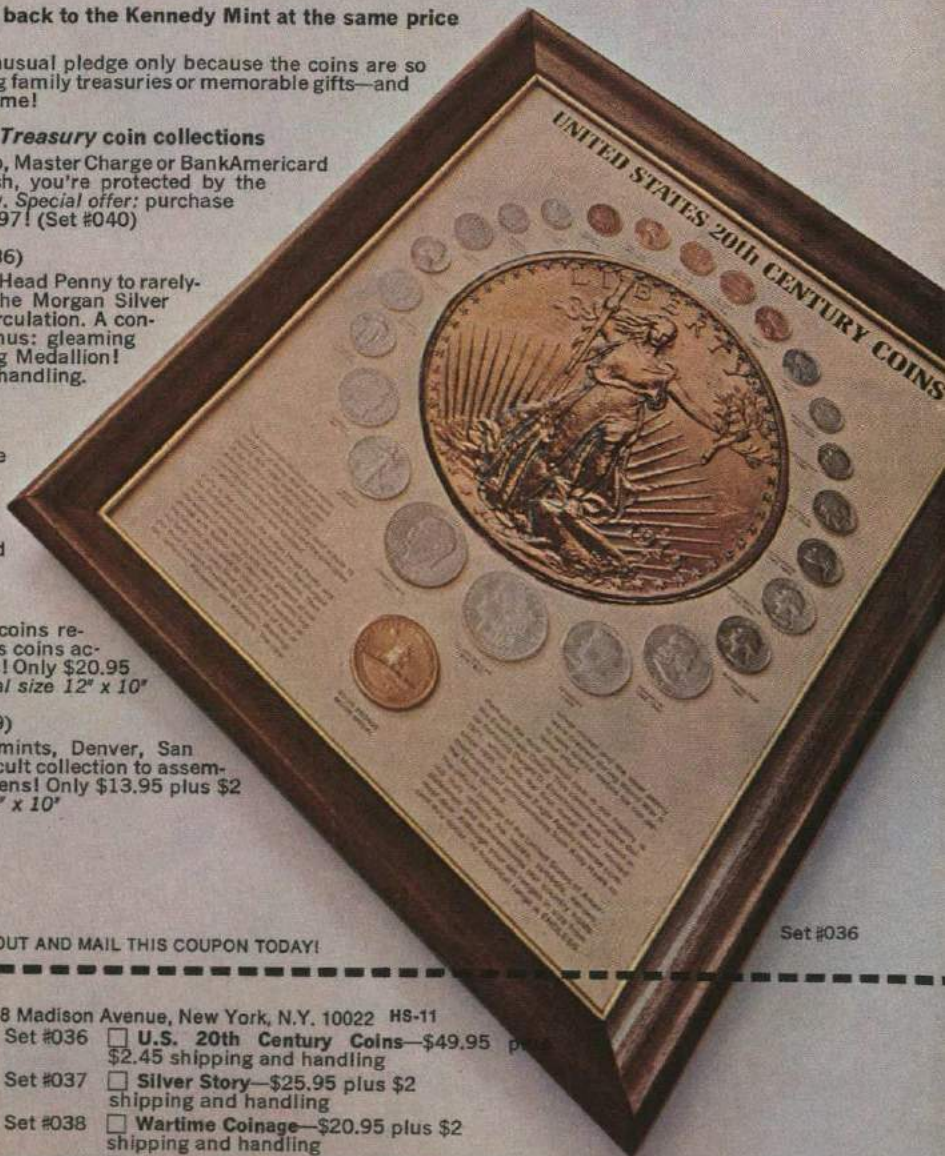
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A woman with long brown hair is standing under a waterfall. She has her arms raised high above her head, and she is smiling. She is wearing a small blue necklace. The waterfall is cascading over dark rocks, and the water is splashing around her. The background is a lush green forest.



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S'NINGERS

SEXUAL ABERRATIONS: The homosexual is just like any other neurotic or phobic in being unable to control himself. Beneath the homosexual's sexual activities lies a deep wish to be heterosexual," Socarides said.

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could view his sex while he was getting it. Mirrors lined the ceilings as well.

Brutality underlay much sex in the Victorian era, though the brutality was not nearly so desperate as in Greek or Roman times. In this case, it was the almost mad desire by most men to be the first to have sex with a virgin, and the younger the better. The women also enjoyed delivering brutality at times; most prostitutes owned whipping kits.

One thing that *can* be said for the Victorian era, however, is that homosexuality did not prevail. There were plenty of homosexuals, but not nearly as many as in other times. The most commonly given reason for this is that men had sex with females from the first day they could manage it, and it became a habit with them.

Today we are seeing in our sexual deviants the leftovers from all of these periods of history. Of course, the hard core practices like bestiality, necrophilia, sado-masochism and child raping continue in small numbers, as they have throughout history. But brutality generally is not a major part of deviant sexual behavior.

At present we seem to be dominated by only two types of sexual aberrants: homosexuals and transvestites.

There is often popular confusion about these people. Most assume, for example, that all transvestites (those who dress in clothes of the other sex) are homosexuals. Actually, many men who are heterosexual like to dress in the clothes of the other sex.

Modern psychologists say that a person starts to become a transvestite in early childhood, by taking a strange interest in his mother's or sister's clothes. They say it results from having had trouble in learning to identify with the father instead of the mother. That is, all children at first identify with the mother, since she is one that they've been closest to since before birth. But at some point the male children should start to think of themselves as like the father. When this gets mixed up, transvestitism can develop.

But, though the transvestite feels better wearing clothes of the other sex, many are not effeminate in any other way. Transvestites generally do not want sex-change operations. They are males and they know it. In fact, their whole aberration is the fantasy of passing as female while really being a male.

It is true, however, that many transvestites combine with their cross-dressing other forms of sexual aberrations, such as sado-masochism, especially the "bond-

age" type, in which a male pretends to be the slave to another male dressed as a woman.

For some reason, transvestitism is rare in women. Throughout the ages, and certainly now, very few women become transvestites.

Homosexuality, however, attracts many women—far more than the general public knows. Male homosexuals are often quite vocal and visible about their homosexuality, but many lesbians try to hide their homosexuality.

There is great argument among psychologists about what causes homosexuality. In the case of male homosexuals, Dr. Charles Socarides gave the most commonly accepted cause. "In essence," Dr. Socarides said, "a homosexual is a person who consistently and from inner feelings engages in homosexual acts. This pattern arises from faulty sexual identity, a product of the earliest years of life. Typically, we find a pathological family in which there is a domineering, crushing mother who will not allow the developing child to achieve autonomy from her, and an absent, weak, or rejecting father."

Others disagree with Socarides, and say that homosexuality is simply another, equally normal way to develop. "We have absolutely no idea what teaches people sexual preference," says Dr. George Weinberg. "You learn sexual choice through good experience, though, and never through pain or misery. How can I say what makes me prefer women? I just found that I like that sort of thing."

"People give me the argument," he went on, "that men and women seem naturally made to have sex with each other. I use the analogy of the voice box. The voice box is critical for breathing, but people discovered they could use it for more than just breathing. We use it to

make sounds and to communicate as well."

In answer to Dr. Weinberg, Dr. Socarides contends, "If you can't get a Havana cigar, you speak highly of the Japanese type." He claims that homosexuals are giving excuses when they say they are simply making choices.

"The homosexual is just like any other neurotic or phobic in being unable to control himself. Beneath the homosexual's sexual activities lies a deep wish to be heterosexual," Socarides said.

Other psychologists have concentrated on what parents can do to prevent their children from becoming homosexuals. "Divorce is the chief cause," says Dr. Alan DeWitt Button, a California child psychiatrist. "Homosexuality is increasing, not just because it is being talked about in connection with 'gay liberation.' I think the increase is related to the fact that more boys are raised by inadequate fathers, or by no fathers at all."

Button claims that often he can examine a child of six or seven and accurately predict whether or not that person will become a homosexual.

He proposes that judges in divorce cases should abolish the weekend visitation system for fathers and replace it with a program in which the child would spend six months with the father and six with the mother.

Dr. Socarides claims that what is important is that at about three years of age a child must have a father to turn to. "At this point the father should come in and help the child to learn to identify with his father. In families of homosexuals-to-be, the father is distant, cold, hostile or neglecting. And the mother is crushing on the boy. As a result, the boy is unable to make the transition to separation and individuation," Socarides said.

In the meantime, homosexuality is definitely on the increase. There are over 50 gay bars in San Francisco, about 70 in Chicago, and more than 100 in New York City. Every large city has dozens, and they are common even in small town. For example, the residents of Saugatuck, Michigan have been upset about the Blue Tempo gay bar in that town of 1,022.

Although contemporary homosexuals are not as colorful as the many varieties of sexual aberrants in historical times such as those of the Greeks and Romans, they and the transvestites will be the sexual deviants that future sex historians will point to for this period in history. ■



BITS & PIECES

40 — about 37 million workers. Currently, court hassles involve Standard Oil of California, the Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio railroads, plus 200 other big-name companies.

What these companies are accused of is:

- letting workers go because of advancing age
- refusing training to older workers
- not promoting older workers
- refusing to interview older applicants
- refusing to hire older persons

If a company refuses to treat persons equally, even if they are older, they are discriminating and are subject to legal action under the Age Discrimination in Employment Act.

Unfortunately for older workers, the government doesn't always win its case. Greyhound Company, for instance, was upheld in its policy of not hiring drivers more than 35 years old. Greyhound's lawyers argued that a human being starts to degenerate at 35, and they won.

But there is some hope of justice. Consider the case of a company that posted a notice about a new job, requiring extensive mental and physi-

cal tests and setting the top age of applicants at 40. Three 50-year-olds cried "Foul!" and the matter went to arbitration. The 70-year-old arbitrator ruled that if the applicants passed the other tests, they could not be disqualified merely because of age.

Besides all these problems, there is the one involving the older worker who has a job, but is slowing down at it.

A case is cited of a 55-year-old insurance claims adjuster who couldn't keep up the pace he used to. He was fired. His union, however, demanded a hearing. The arbitrator in this case ordered the man rehired, but for a job more suitable to his somewhat diminished capabilities. And the arbitrator suggested the company start a permanent program of providing alternative jobs for workers who do slow down as years go by.

Of course, even the government and the unions can't watch out for everybody all the time, and sometimes it's necessary to call their attention to cases of age discrimination. Workers who feel they have been shafted because of their age are urged to make a call on one of the 100 hotline phones

that the Labor Department's Wage-Hour Division has installed in area offices over the country.

If they take on your case and you win, you still may have to wait for years to collect your back pay or be hired or rehired, but that's better than no back pay (or no job) at all, isn't it?

Insect Bondage

Tying up your partner is a currently fashionable sexual turn-on. Actually, humans have been doing it for hundreds, maybe thousands, of years.

So have some subhumans—for instance, a New Guinea spider named *Nephila maculata*.

For two days before the sex act, the male spider winds strands of web around the legs of the female, binding them to her body. This is quite a feat for him, since he is only four millimeters in size, and she is ten times that big.

Apparently the male immobilizes the female because he fears that if she can move she will bend down and pick the little nuisance-maker off her body during copulation.



"WILL YOU STOP PHONING ME WITH YOUR COMPLAINTS HARRY!? I TOLD YOU WHEN WE SWAPPED THAT MY WIFE IS A SLOW STARTER. ...ONCE YOU GET THAT GUN AWAY FROM HER, TRY BLOWING IN HER EAR."

BITS & PIECES

crying for it. And sending many men to Masters and Johnson.

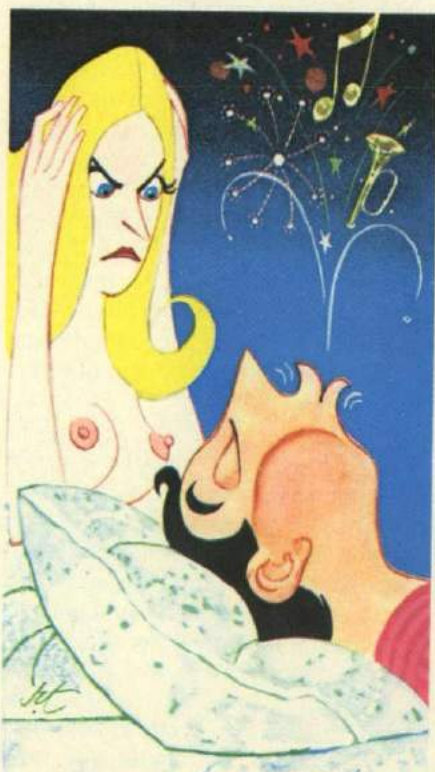
There are several "cures" for the premature ejaculator. A man may try all of them unsuccessfully, but chances are that once he admits there is a problem and really wants to change his sexual behavior, he finds a cure.

There are sedatives and tranquilizers that help to reduce anxiety, but, after a while, the user becomes immune and their effectiveness decreases. There are also various types of psychological therapies (group and individual), but these work only when the individual's fears are not too intense.

The "cure" that has proven most effective with the more stubborn cases deals directly with the hypersensitivity of the genital skin; the man is advised to squeeze the penis when premature ejaculation begins.

Man has sexual problems, but he's working them out. On the other hand, what will the male whale do, if his partner ever starts complaining?

Noisy Sleepers



Snoring is probably the least attractive thing you can do in bed. We know

of no one who does it with grace or sophistication.

It causes uncounted hours of annoyance on the part of the snorer's bedmate, and the most annoying factor being that the snorer is oblivious to the whole problem. It is even the cause — or at least the excuse — for the breakup of quite a few otherwise beautiful partnerships.

But help is on the way. There's a new book called *Snoring*, written by Marcus H. Boulware and published by American Faculty Press. Dr. Boulware, it is reported, is a victim of his own snoring, a habit that was one of the reasons for his wife's decision to divorce him.

Dr. Boulware also has academic interest in snoring: he's a speech pathologist at Florida A & M University, and therefore, acutely aware of snoring mechanisms.

Dr. Boulware reports that according to research, about 50% of snorers can be cured and 30% can be helped. The other 20% might have to consider separate bedrooms.

Some of the many causes of snoring include:

- air pollution
- smoking
- drinking
- obesity
- obstruction and swellings in the nasal passages
- neuroses

There are also a lot of corresponding "cures," including:

- allergy and sinus treatments
- self-hypnosis
- dieting
- nose and throat surgery
- corrective dentistry
- phonetic exercises
- dream analysis
- anti-snoring devices (nose plugs, mouthpieces, collars, body harnesses, chin straps, etc.)

Snoring provides drawings of most of the evidences, which the author declines to evaluate. Whatever turns you off, he says.

Actually, Dr. Boulware advises the least painful remedy is to change your habitual sleeping position — on the side with an elbow under the chin is an effective one.

Then there's always nose pinching by one's bedmate. It's a temporary measure, to be sure, but being deprived of oxygen is practically guaranteed to cause the snorer to at least turn over. And the pincher gets to release a little frustration which otherwise might manifest itself in an even more unpleasant manner—smothering by pillow, for instance.

If you absolutely give up on your present snoring companion and decide to look for a nonsnorer, do *not* choose: (a) a man, (b) a child under the age of 10, or (c) anybody over 35. People in those categories notoriously snore more.

Fighting the "Age Crisis"



At 40, you don't stop. But you might slow down. Maybe even at 35. Of course, this overlooks the fact that some people are slow to begin with and others are fast forever.

It's a sticky wicket, the effects of aging on your work, and American business is not about to solve the problem, even though most American businessmen are getting older all the time.

Therefore, the American government is stepping in. The Labor Department's Wage-Hour Division is fighting in the courts to preserve the rights of the 41% of the work force who is over

BITS & PIECES

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user group. Since white blood cells are the body's disease fighters, he believes that marijuana users may become more susceptible to disease.

Critics of these studies argue that such early findings are unreliable, but all have been published in respected scientific journals.

Until recently, it was difficult for scientists to conduct studies of the effects of marijuana because it is an illegal drug. But this year \$4 million in federal grants and contracts is being spent in marijuana research. In addition to controlled-dose cigarettes (low, medium, and high), researchers can now obtain tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) pills for use in authorized experiments. The increased volume of research ought to provide a substantial number of reliable studies.

But if things keep going the way they are, even if marijuana is legalized, a pack of pot cigarettes will have to carry the warning: "The Surgeon General has determined that marijuana smoking is dangerous to your health."

Biggest Dick This Side



Nowadays with the increased use of rubber products in the bedroom, a

"well-endowed" man is a rarity. A needle in the proverbial haystack! However, does the fact that it's a rarity make it that much better?

Consider for a minute the changes in your daily routine in order to sport around a 15" dong. The problems directly stemming from this healthy appendage are numerous.

First, an additional 10 minutes would have to be added on to your shower time in order to give it the TLC and proper cleansing that's needed. The increased length in shorts and swimming trunks to perhaps mid-calf should be considered. To say nothing of the danger involved in turning over in bed and possibly knocking-out your bedmate. And of course, swimming would be a real gas. You would have either your own depth charger or periscope depending on which side was up. Also, have you ever tried to conceal a 15" hard-on while walking down the street on a hot summer day, gazing at the young braless titties flopping to and fro? Perhaps that's the reason for the pained expression on this young fella's face.

Ejaculation: In Man and Beast

Animal sex is perhaps one of the more beautiful performances of nature. No inhibition, confusion, turn-offs, or birth control paraphernalia here. One can imagine the magnificence of two whales, sensing mutual sexual urges, swooshing toward each other underwater and, belly to belly, soaring upward high into the air above, while the long elastic penis of the male ejaculates in a fraction of a second. And on land, there is the wolf whose sexual experiences last much longer. For about a half an hour, the wolf and his mate remain literally locked in their copulatory tie. The *bulbous glandis* (base of the penis) of the male swells, while the vaginal spincter of the female constricts around it. Thus engaged, the male dismounts and turns his body away from his partner's. Tail to tail, they lie firmly attached by means of their genital organs. Unable to unlock themselves for a half an hour, these two are vulnerable to attack by predators. So, when other members of the pack see that

a coupling has taken place in their midst, they immediately rush over and mill around the pair.

What instinct handles so well in the animal world, the intellect controls in the human world. Orgasm, elimination of bodily waste, even emotional expression are put off for the proper time and proper place.

Although humans in civilized societies have no predators stalking around outside their homes—have no real, ever-present life-death struggles—they still have fear. And in some, fear affects their lovemaking. Voices in an adjoining room can cause ejaculation and disengagement as rapid as if there were a man-eating tiger prowling about. The man in this situation



may say that the voices made him think that he was about to be "discovered" or "observed." In an animal society, such an alert and quick individual becomes the leader of the pack; in human society, he is considered neurotic.

For many animals rapid ejaculation is normal: elephants do it within thirty seconds; rodents, after only a few seconds; and chimpanzees, from ten to thirty seconds. For many men, rapid ejaculation, although it accomplishes the biological function of procreation, is a "problem."

"Premature ejaculation" is a relatively ambiguous term—how long must a man be able to contain himself? Kinsey discovered, some twenty years ago, that 75% of American men achieve orgasm within two minutes (presumably within two minutes of entry) and that generally males of lower education try to achieve orgasm as soon as possible. Climaxing within two minutes seems pretty quick, but back then there were relatively few complaints of premature ejaculation. In the Fifties, women weren't demanding sexual satisfaction—today they're

SEXUAL ABERRATIONS: Young girls were forced to confess to having had sexual intercourse with the Devil. To demonstrate their sins, they had to go through the imagined sexual acts in front of the priests and judges, with effigies of Satan.

testicles) were crowned at the end of each procession with wreaths by young girls.

Men and women at these ceremonies were not there simply to praise the penis, though. They would whip one another's nude bodies until the ground was covered with blood. Then they would fall upon one another in copulation.

As with the Greeks, boys had all of their body and pubic hair removed and were brought up to be basically effeminate. The result was that women competed with these boys for men to have sex with.

Representative of the Romans was, appropriately, Nero. Nero was homosexual but also had a tremendous lust for women, not to mention that he enjoyed sadism. He held public banquets in the Circus Maximus, in which he put on mighty spectacles of sexual performance. History also reports that Nero had incestuous love for his mother. He died of a masochistic suicide.

After these empires died, of course, the Church was to bring an end to such rampant sex and the variety of sexual behavior. The effect of the Church has lasted until today, and its doctrines are the forces behind current sexual attitudes and practices.

In the Middle Ages the Church had the iron rule over people. It attached the word 'sin' to most or all acts of sexuality outside of marriage. The result was that people were driven to hidden sexual acts and to looking for thrills where they could find them.

Flagellation was rampant. During the Cult of Flagellation that swept through Europe thousands of men, women and children ran through the streets completely naked, lashing themselves with whips, canes, brooms, black leather rods and spiked knouts. Nearly every household owned whips and lashes.

This was also the time when alchemists, witches and herbal doctors did their business with aphrodisiacs.

But most bizarre was the fact that many priests went sexually crazy themselves. They dressed as females and performed acts of sodomy on one another. At times, bestiality returned to popularity, with donkeys being used to play with the priests.

Young girls were forced to confess to having had sexual intercourse with the Devil. To demonstrate their sins, they had to go through the imagined sexual acts in front of the priests and judges, with effigies of Satan.

Satanism, however, really came into its own in the eighteenth century. The Cult of Satanism was founded in Britain at this time and profane prayer was born, in which prayers were recited backwards, the crucifix was placed upside-down on an altar, black candles were lighted and 'priests' urinated on replicas of the Host.

It was also during the eighteenth century that transvestite clubs sprang up in London, where men-dressed-as-women met and performed for one another. Unlike today, the audience was mostly female, and the men dressed as women gave advice to the females about sexual affairs. Splendid buildings and grounds were constructed as places for these transvestite relations to go on.

Then came the Victorian era. When we think of Victorian today we usually imagine a sedate and proper era. In fact, it is an insult to say, "You are too Victorian."

Actually, the Victorian era was one of tremendous sexual activity, made aberrant at many times because of the hypocritical attempt to hide it. Evidence of this sexual activity is the fact that Victorian wives had so many children, probably because their husbands had nowhere else to go for sex, unless they were clever or outside of "righteous society".

Likewise, Victorian women were not supposed to experience any sexual pleasure during intercourse.

As the historians have told us, skirts were long to hide the female leg. (Even the legs of tables were covered, lest they remind a man of a woman's leg.) But while legs were covered, breasts were exhibited, bulging out of low necklines and tightly-laced bodices. In fact, breasts were mechanically boosted when necessary.

It was during the Victorian era that dirty jokes were perfected. Conversations regularly featured lewd anecdotes.

And although each person's amount of sexual activity was limited, they made sure that over one's life one got enough. The normal age to begin having sex for a woman was twelve. Many of these girls ended up, for financial reasons, developing the current state of prostitution. Men desperately needing sex frequented streets where a famous prostitute lived. Before long, she hired others to work for her and became a 'Madame'. Some streets were known for having women sitting nude in windows, attracting customers better than a red light ever could.

Inside these Houses, the rooms were often lined with tall mirrors in which a man

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SEXUAL ABERRATIONS: "We are told," Howard continues, "the goat accepted this unnatural copulation, and the union took place publicly in the assembly, being regarded by all as a most holy and sacred performance."

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diately to mind. Homosexuality and transvestism are only the most common of very many possible varieties.

Perhaps the most hushed of all is necrophilia, in which a person gratifies his sexual desires with a female corpse. This is probably very uncommon in the modern world, but throughout the history of man there have been periods of time when it was occurring frequently.

Recorded history has showed that apparently the most common practitioners of necrophilia were soldiers and monks. It has been proposed that both were forced to go without sex for long periods of time and were also exposed to death on a regular basis. Whenever a person is exposed to something repeatedly it becomes commonplace. So perhaps the sight of a dead body had lost its natural grotesqueness for these men. Combined with their sexual needs, it is not so difficult to imagine how they came to perform these acts.

More complicated is the child-seducer. In most cases this is an actual relative—a father, uncle or brother. Says one investigator, E. Laurent, "These people have used and misused women; they have explored all the stages of natural and unnatural love; they have visited Lesbos and Paphos; and they have experienced every possible sexual artificiality. Their sexual desires have become torpid, their manliness is on the decline, and sexual death approaches.

"But the more exhausted they are, the less willing are they patiently to acquiesce to their loss. It is with them as with inebriates who are full to the throat and still continue to drink," Laurent went on. "One day they notice a little girl in the street and feel stimulated by her youthful charms. Thus their love begins."

Most amazing to many normal people, though, is bestiality. In Woody Allen's movie, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex," probably the most controversial scene was the one in which a medical doctor had an affair with a sheep. For many members of the audience it was the funniest, for others it was so disgusting that they walked out.

We are amazed by bestiality perhaps because no other animal practices it with members of varied species. Occasionally similar animals—such as cows and buffalo or mules and horses—may sexually unite. But in man bestiality runs the gamut. Both men and women have had intercourse with dogs, horses and mares, cat-

tle, goats, sheep, pigs, hens, ducks, llamas, geese, apes, bears, tom-cats and even fish.

In pre-Christian times even snakes were used as objects of lust by women, as the modern lap dog is used sometimes today.

Man, being the thinking and social animal, has taken these abnormalities even beyond the physical. It seems that people cannot contend themselves, even in their aberrations, to omit the intellectual and ritual.

Bestiality at times had even been part of religious ceremony. States Dr. Clifford Howard, "Festivals were celebrated throughout Egypt, in honor of Isis and Osiris, the deities of procreation. The celebration of Mendes was particularly noteworthy, for it was there that the sacred goat was employed in the ceremonies. These were of an intensely religious character, inducing a high state of excitement and enthusiasm, at the climax of which many of the women offered themselves to the goat, as the divine representation of the Deity.

"We are told," Howard continues, "that the goat accepted this unnatural copulation, and the union took place publicly in the assembly, being regarded by all as a most holy and sacred performance; and the women who thus gave their persons were held in particular reverence thereafter as the recipients of divine favor."

This unusual type of sex is not the only type that has occurred as part of worship, however. Sex has in many cases been part of religious worship.

A common ceremony to be found even today among the Kauchilais of India is to praise the Creator through sex. The women deposit their clothes in a box, each garment and each woman being numbered by a priest. At the close of the ceremony each man selects a garment from the box, and the woman who owns it has sex with him.

Most common, though, is the practice of phallic worship. It has been noted among Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, and all over the world. In India phallicism has existed without interruption for many thousands of years. At present, probably one hundred million people worship the penis and vagina as symbols of the nearest expression of God capable of being conceived by man.

In the Western world, sex and religion have also been linked at times, though in other ways. Most notable is the Greek Empire. Sexual activity was considered

by the Greeks to be a divine gift from the gods, and a gift to be used and reused.

Demetrius, the Governor of Athens, took to painting his face, dying his hair, powdering and painting his body and indulging in a lifetime of orgies. Mostly he spent his time with young women, but when bored with them he indulged with young boys.

It may have been in Greece that sadism was perfected. The Dionysian festivals were marked by great orgies of drinking and eating, followed by erotic dances between naked boys. This was followed by dances through the streets in which the boys were beaten and so inflamed that their pain vanished and was replaced by a continual sense of orgiastic delight. These spectacles were watched by the girls and women as well, who later took the whip themselves.

These erotic frenzies were accepted by the Greeks, because they were said to be the results of "possession by the gods." It was in these frenzies that they deemed themselves in communication with the gods.

Much of the Ancient Greek population was transvestite by nature. They would regularly dress in attire of the other sex. It would not be uncommon on any day to find noblemen and statesmen wearing female clothing and jewelry and make-up.

The Greeks also promoted bisexuality as a matter of course. They felt that having sex with both men and women was natural. Alexander built a gigantic nuptial chamber fitted with hundreds of beds, and he kept the orgies going for days. Couple made love in sight of one another, then often traded partners—male with male and female with female.

An even more sexual society, though, was the Roman Empire. Many noted historians have claimed that sexual dominations—with acceptance of every type of aberration—brought the downfall of the Roman empire.

Above all, the Romans were obsessed with cruelty. Seldom did a prisoner or a victim of the courts escape a severe flogging, whatever his crime. Sado-masochism reached new heights before long, as the Romans accepted the theory that pain and pleasure are very closely related. There were huge orgies of sado-masochists.

Most outstanding, though, were the monuments. Tremendous wooden phalli were carried about the country side. These expertly carved reproductions of erections (complete with enlarged tip and

THE MOTOWN STORY: "I would say most of the people that were any good or that had anything going for them were fired for one reason or another. Usually it was for what I guess you would call treason."

the Best Thing that Ever Happened to Me." They're also featured on Curtis Mayfield's *Claudine* soundtrack.

"Motown had really good management working for you," said Merland, "making sure you not only got the right breaks, but also got paid for them. With Buddah it's like 'Hey man, whatever y'all want to do that you feel creative about, that you feel like you can do, we're with you 100 per cent. We never had any say at Motown about what we could record at Motown.'"

It was the summer of 1969, and although Motown was releasing pleasing if less adventurous records, things were pretty dull. The company needed a shot in the arm, and all of a sudden, out of nowhere, come the Jackson Five.

Just a bunch of kids really — they were fronted by vocalist eight-year-old Michael Jackson — they offered an energetic, exciting sound that revitalized the whole company. "I Want You Back" and "ABC" were both amazingly infectious records with the enthusiasm oozing from the grooves. Consistent hit-makers, they've also scored with "Never Can Say Goodbye," "The Love You Save," "Mama's Pearl," "I'll Be There," and "Dancing Machine."

In 1968 Diana Ross was turned onto them by the mayor of their home town, Gary, Indiana. Both their father, a crane operator at Inland Steel, and their mother were musically inclined and furnished their offspring with musical instruments and advice. The kids dug it, became local heroes of sorts, and were signed when the knocked-out Ross told Motown about them.

The Jacksons: Marlon digs Gladys Knight and the Pips and is 17; Jermaine married Berry Gordy's daughter Hazel, and is labeled "the coolest" at 19; Tito (Toriano) at 21 dabbles in electronics; Jackie (Sigmund) is 23 and almost played professional basketball; and Michael is approaching 14 and the day when his voice will change. But, have no fear, waiting in the wings is 10 year old Randy who now plays bongos. Rounding out the musical lineup are cousins John Jackson (keyboards) and Ronnie Rancifer (drums). There are three non-performing daughters in the family: Janet (8), La Toya (18), and married Maureen (24).

The immediate family (except for

Jermaine and Hazel) live in a massive estate in Encino, California. But despite all their cars, all the athletic facilities and pool on the grounds, the Jacksons seem imprisoned in their own paradise behind a formidable gate. Sometimes they go to the gate to talk to fans, but they never let any into the grounds.

About a year ago Tito and John Jackson were arraigned in court for allegedly receiving stolen goods (stereos, TVs). The charges were dropped in a ball of confusion. But although the brothers' image may have been slightly tarnished, the Jackson Five continue to organize benefit basketball games for venerable causes.

While seemingly content, there may not be a calm below the surface. Father Joe Jackson, who manages his sons, has recently established his own record label, Ivory Tower International, and some speculate that the Jackson Five will soon leave Motown to be part of its roster of artists.

As it is, though, the J5 have sold 25 million records and can be seen every Saturday morning in cartoon form on their own ABC television show. They're also making a movie, a 19th century period piece where they portray the kids in Raymond St. Jacques' family. It's called *Isomen Cross and Sons* and is about slavery. As things stand now, there's gonna be no stopping the Jackson Five.


While not as prominent as those discussed, there were other Motown acts who should be mentioned: Jr. Walker and the All Stars who scored with "What Does It Take to Win Your Love" and "Shotgun," the later spearheading a dance craze; Shorty Long, who drowned at 29, was inventive with "Function at the Junction" and "Here Comes the Judge" (co-authored with "Motown Ms Executive" Suzane DePasse); the "Originals, initially backup vocalists, are remembered best for "Baby, I'm for Real"; the spinners (I'll Be Around," "Could It Be I'm Falling in Love"), masters of choreography and comedic impersonations, always standing in the shadows of the Four Tops, left Motown in 1971 and had back to back hits at Atlantic; Willie Hutch, master of soundtracks, who succeeded most heavily with *The Mack*; and Valerie Simpson, who composed "Your Precious Love," "Ain't No Mountain

High Enough," "Reach Out and Touch" and others, recorded her own album, *Exposed*. She now makes up the distaff side of the singing/songwriting duo of Ashford and Simpson.

New labels like Rare Earth and Mowest were created, primarily for white artists. By far the most successful was the rock band called Rare Earth. Despite their lack of any real identity, the group chalked up four straight gold LPs and four gold singles. An extremely auspicious beginning, but they've now left the label. Andrew Oldham, once producer of the Rolling Stones, didn't fare too well with the groups he brought to the company, Sunday Funnies and Repairs. R. Dean Taylor hit with "Indiana Loves Me." The Pretty Things, a major British act, failed on Rare Earth. Mowest tried to rejuvenate the careers of Leslie Gore, the Four Seasons (who made Abner what he was at Vee Jay), and Bobby Darin, but to no avail. Other white artists signed to the Motown umbrella include Severin Brown (famed folksinger Jackson's brother), Puzzle, and XIT, a tribe of Indian brothers prophesizing red power.

Motown also failed with a whole string of previously established artists, succeeding in smothering the act's individuality and appeal. Victims included Chuck Jackson, the Isley Brothers, Billy Eckstine, and Sammy Davis.

Although Motown still churns on, seemingly a bit more interested in films than in records, they've signed a new batch of artists: Luther Allison, Riot, Michael Edward Campbell, the Dynamic Superiors, the Devastating Affair, the Undisputed Truth, and the Sisters Love.

And so the empire of Berry Gordy continues. He's strong, silent, aggressive, powerful, and rich. He's paid his dues and now he's collecting. "As far as the record company goes of course we did some foolish things," Gordy observed in retrospect. "Like, we put all our money into it (Motown) each year. If we would have gone any year without hit records, we would have gone out of business. We just turned it over, and over and over and over and after five years we had at least three, four, or five hits each year." Like Barrett Strong said and sang: "We used what we had, the best we knew how, and got money." 

THE MOTOWN STORY: "Martha used to suggest things to Berry Gordy, she got nowhere. 'Berry took his personal time to tell me, 'you can't run my record company,' and I said, 'No and you can't either,' and then he really got mad at me.'"

The Vandellas urged her voice on by interjections that alternated between fluidity and choppiness. The performance invariably builds to a climax as the vocal line is carried over a reiterated figure. Hits came quick: "Jimmy Mack," "Dancing in the Streets," "Quick Sand," "Nowhere to Run," and "Come and Get These Memories."

"Love is Like a Heat Wave," with a Charleston dance beat, essentially launched them.

"When Motown was small," Martha commented on her years with the company, "It was easy to see each other all the time, and to love and to be a family. You felt secure and you felt cared for. But as it got larger and different divisions started popping up, like the one in New York and the one in Los Angeles, it grew out of a family and into a company."

"Being at Motown was an education in itself. But the only thing you don't want to become is oriented to their level of thinking. You know, the company rules are much different from any other company. There's also a competitive thing at Motown that's so close. Not only is it likely that there's someone there you'll sound like, there's somebody there you might look like too."

When Holland-Dozier-Holland left, the group was left hanging without a producer. Betty Kelley replaced Annette, and then she and Roslyn were replaced by Sandra Tilley and Lois Reeves (Martha's sister). Motown moved its offices to Los Angeles and the girls were stranded in Detroit without a producer.

When Martha used to suggest things to Berry Gordy, she got nowhere. "Berry took his personal time to tell me, 'You can't run my record company,' and I said, 'No, and you can't either,' and then he really got mad at me. Just little things like that where I'd rebel. I retaliate where other people would be quiet. I speak."

Martha now records solo for MCA. She's produced by Richard Perry (who's guided at various times Ringo Starr, Harry Nilsson, Andy Williams, Barbara Streisand, and Carly Simon). As for the future, well, Martha's taking acting lessons.

It's amazing, but could it be that the Four Tops are the only early Motown group to never have a personnel change?

Originally the Four Arms—Levi Stubbs, Renaldo (Obie) Benson, Abdul (Duke) Fakir, and Lawrence Peyton—were on three labels before they moved over to Motown in 1965.

Starting with "I Can't Help Myself," and going through "Reach Out," "Standing in the Shadows of Love," "Bernadette," "It's the Same Old Song," and "7 Rooms of Gloom," the group enjoyed an extremely successful period at the hands of Holland-Dozier-Holland, employing recurring themes of loneliness and heartache.

Their sound at times was more emphatic, more crude rhythmically, irresistibly exciting. When they used strings, they were hard. Stubbs possessed a narrow emotional range while offering an intense, high and shrill delivery. He sang with an urgency like the earth was ready to collapse.

Then there was a period of change. Says Duke: "In those early, fruitful years, Motown was a happy family; that's a true story. It was such a relaxed thing, not like an office. It went down like that all the way through the sessions. To me that was part of the big secret, the togetherness we had. It lost that magic when it lost the small atmosphere."

It was a tough time for the group. Their production/songwriting team left the label and left the group floundering. (Brian Holland remarked that they were his favorite group.) The hits pretty much stopped except for "Still Waters." In the manner of other Motown groups, Berry Gordy wanted Levi (Mr. Soul) to go solo, even offering him the male lead in *Lady Sings the Blues*. Levi said no. Around this time Stubbs was busted for cocaine in London. Duke explains: "It was a plant. We were having an interview in our hotel suite and the police came in and said 'We have a search warrant.' They found two vials in one of his coat pockets in his closet. They went right to it, you know. There was an actual trial, we went back for it; there was a guy with a wig and everything. Levi was acquitted. The Tops aren't into dope."

The Four Tops left Motown when their contract expired. Says a Motown executive: "We didn't think they were hot enough for the bread they wanted. When they split, they were cold; they weren't what they used to be. They

wanted a huge deal and we said we couldn't do it." Considering themselves *rebels* at Motown, the quartet wanted more freedom to record their own compositions.

They moved over to Dunhill where they're produced by Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter. Their "Theme from Shaft in Africa" was successful, as were both their albums, *Keeper of the Castle* and *Main Street People*. Recently Lawrence Peyton has cut a solo LP & other musical projects are in the works.

Emerging out of Atlanta, Gladys Knight and the Pips were more true to their r&b. Gladys's husky, deep-throated vocal smacked of sophistication, something like Pearl Bailey. The group possessed the ability to invigorate the most uninteresting song with their energetic treatment. But, their blacker style made them less commercial than other Motown acts in whose shadow they were trapped.

The Pips, named after cousin/manager James Woods' nickname, were composed of Gladys's brother Merald Knight, and cousins Edward Patten and Bill Guest. Their first record, "Whistle My Love" was released on Brunswick. Nine labels followed before Smokey Robinson encouraged them to join Motown.

"I didn't even want to sign with Motown," said Gladys. "But we do everything democratically and I was outvoted by the boys. Motown had so much talent available to them at the time that I was afraid we would get submerged and forgotten. We had problems at first. Motown gave us little say in picking out material and too often our songs were covered by other acts."

Through the years Gladys's original reservations manifested themselves into reasons strong enough to leave the company, but not before the group scored an impressive number of hits: "Every Beat of My Heart," "Neither One of Us," "If I Were Your Woman," and, most particularly, "I Heard It Through the Grapevine." It was Motown's top selling single before Marvin Gaye's version of the same song surpassed it.

The group were eagerly welcomed by Buddah Records, for whom they reeled off four straight hits: "Midnight Train to Georgia," "Just My Imagination," "Peaceful Waters Flow," and "You're

THE MOTOWN STORY: Martha Reeves was a \$35 a week secretary at Motown singing occasional backup vocals. When Mary Wells became ill and didn't show, Martha filled in as union rules stipulate that a lead singer has to be present even when merely recording backup tracks.

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Child, Running Wild," "I Wish It Would Rain," and "Ball of Confusion." *War* (including a cover version of the Edwin Starr hit) represented the period. Said group spokesman Otis Williams: "I make it a practice of taking a record player on the road with me. Sly was coming out and I told (producers) Gamble and Huff, 'Hey, you better check this because it's going to be the big sound.' I told Norman when we got into Detroit, and that's how our sound came about."

Singer Paul Williams left the group due to an illness and was replaced by Richard Street. In June 1971 Williams, 34, was found with a bullet wound in his head and a gun clutched in one hand, sitting in a car in his swimming trunks. He had been drinking heavily since he left the Temptations.

Eddie Kendricks also left the quintet and has racked up a bunch of hits: "Keep On Truckin'," "Just My Imagination," and "Boogie Down Baby." His spot was filled by the youthful Damon Harris, a sex symbol in his own right. When Damon was married a year ago, many hearts were broken. And so the Temptations, rejuvenated a third time, continue banging out gold records — "Papa Was a Rolling Stone," "Masterpiece."

There's a book achieving popularity called *Rock Dreams*, which pictures a destitute Stevie Wonder outside the Apollo where the Temptations are billed, selling pencils from a tin cup in the traditional blind man's beggar pose. It's a painting, of course. Stevie maintains that his blindness has been an asset as it has provided him with a sensitive outlook that's different from everybody else's.

Stevland Morris (Judkins) was discovered by Miracle Ronnie White. He made his first record at 11, and scored his first hit the next year as Little Stevie Wonder with "Finger Tips," roughly a harmonica-led call and response "What'd I Say." Then came "Uptight."

Although his harmonica styling was patterned after Jimmy Reed, his soulful, plaintive, committed vocals were more original. He possessed the ability to shift accents continually while remaining faithful to the melody line, providing a sort of built-in syncopation. Patterns of stress, both varied and climatic, developed as he phrased slightly off the beat,

and then emphatically raced to catch up with it.

Next for Stevie was an incredibly successful period with more popish tunes: "I Was Made to Love Her," "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered," "Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday," "My Cherie Amour." He was making impressive strides as a producer and composer. But even though he was allowed to produce others (Martha and the Vandellas, David Ruffin), nobody at Motown wanted to listen and they were never released.

It was time for a change. Says Wonder: "When you become just one of the others, it's difficult to be a sustaining power for a long period of time. It's like a person comes out with a beat and you keep on doing it and doing it and driving it to the ground." Stevie had to assert himself. "I left Motown in May 1971 and formed Taurus, my company. I produced something for myself and took it back to Motown and got a new deal. Basically, I'm now able to do musically exactly what I want to do."

Three albums followed and all became gold: *Innervisions*, *Talking Book*, and *Music of My Mind*. Similar to Marvin Gaye's evolution, all dealt with more than simple love relationships. Musically he discovered the synthesizer, stating that he was influenced by *Tonto's Expanding Headband*, by Margoloff and Cecil.

Music of My Mind coincided with Stevie's 1972 marriage to Syretta Wright, a Motown secretary.

The same year marked Wonder's effort to reach white masses; he accepted an invitation to tour with the Rolling Stones. It's a bit of a toss-up whether the record-shattering coast-to-coast tour was successful for Wonder. As it was, he wasn't respected by the promoters; more often than not they left his name off the billing even though some people came to see him specifically. Some of the Rolling Stones had some inappropriate, uncourteous jabs at Wonder. And, in general, Wonder, who does not drink or indulge in drugs, was utterly shocked by the standards of the Rolling Stones related to these matters.

Talking Book, dealt with the oppressed black. Stevie: "There's a song, 'Big Brother,' patterned after George Orwell's 1984. It's about watching a certain kind of person — black people in the ghetto, people who don't have too

much — and about force against force."

"I'm very black oriented," says Stevie. "I love African clothes and stuff and I think it's beautiful the way people are finding their own identity now. They are getting on that thing of not being ashamed of their heritage."

At the last Grammy Awards, Wonder turned into a one-man show by copping four major awards, including best pop vocal performance by a male for his interpretation of his own song, "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," and album of the year for *Innervisions*. Other large smashes included "Superwoman," "Superstition," and "Keep on Running."

Roughly a year ago Stevie was seriously injured in a car accident. Friends knew that he was going to pull through only when his aide, Ira Tucker Jr. started singing Wonder's newest song, "Higher Ground," and Stevie's fingers slowly began moving in time to the music. When Stevie started grabbing nurses, everyone was relieved in knowing that he was getting better. Says Stevie Wonder reflecting on his near-miss with death: "I'm more aware of myself and of other people, and of checking out a lot of things and of time being very, very precious. The goodness is that I'm alive, and that it was close — it was very very close, closer than the people let me know at the time, but I did find out how close it was and I was able to feel the spirit."

Wonder made his first concert appearance after the accident before 20,000 at Madison Square Garden. He encored with "Superstition," and none other than Sly Stone, Eddie Kendricks, and Roberta Flack joined in and welcomed Stevie back. Sporting his familiar dark glasses and a mustache, Stevie pointed toward heaven, then to his forehead, and finally broke into a survivor's smile.

Martha Reeves was a \$35 a week secretary at Motown singing occasional backup vocals. When Mary Wells became ill and didn't show for a recording session, Martha filled in as union rules stipulate that a lead singer has to be present even when merely recording backing tracks. Martha's impressive performance didn't go unrecognized, and she, Roslyn Ashford and Annette Beard (Sterling) were signed as Martha and the Vandellas.

LOVE IS NOTHING BUT A FOUR LETTER WORD: She pulled her coat down and wrapped it around her knees and as she turned her breast pressed into the side of his hand.

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"Oh God, Jesus, you ask questions!" he said.

"Well, Paulie, you have to tell me if I want to know."

"Well, you don't have to want to know!"

"Well, I do!"

"Lissen you," he said, looking tough again, "I'll give you another spanking if you're not careful. A real one this time!"

"You said that before. . ."

"Well, I mean it!"

"Try it!"

He kicked the knob with his knee and the radio came up very loud as he tried to force her over him and she brought her head up close to his but he couldn't get her down over the steering wheel and the way she was looking at him he wanted to kiss her so he made it seem like part of the fight when he let his mouth touch her face. She made it seem like part of the fight, too, when she turned her head and let her mouth press against his and slowly he let her settle herself down alongside him under his arm with his other arm around her. After they kissed a long time she drew her head away and said, "Paulie, turn off that silly radio." And he did and turned off the headlights too, down to the dim parking ones and he flicked the ignition key off and it was all dark suddenly and quiet with only the hum of the heater blowing warm air on their legs.

"Paulie?"

"Yeah?"

"Talk to me."

"Oh, Madeline. . .!" he said and dug his face at her. "I've got so many things to say to you. . .!"

"I've got a lot to say to you, too, Paulie," she said, "but I don't know what it is. . ." She shifted around and pulled her feet up on the seat and tucked them under her. She pulled her coat down and wrapped it around her knees and as she turned her breast pressed into the side of his hand and because he was sure it was her breast he didn't dare to move his hand away because he didn't want it to seem, oh you know and he couldn't do anything about it the other way yet either because it wasn't right yet not until after he'd told her what he'd wanted to tell her ever since last summer and now that wasn't right to say because it was dirty because her breast was touch-

ing his hand and he was feeling funny on account of it. He knew if he said, Let your mind speak in the day but always listen to your heart at night, it would sound dirty because her heart was right next to his hand. The other thing he had wanted to say later on he couldn't say anymore now either because it was even dirtier the way he was feeling and would sound funny but it had been beautiful in class when he thought it up while they were reciting Romeo and Juliet. But now if he would say, Would that I were a brassiere upon thy body that I might feel thy lovely breast, it would sound stupid and awful and she was a nice girl and he shouldn't be thinking things like that at all—he hadn't any right. It was always awful even that one time last summer when he'd told the truck driver at lunch that he was in love and he'd told him that one line, the one about being a brassiere, and the truck driver had laughed and told him he wasn't old enough even to piss a hole in the snow. It had seemed rotten then that he told him about it and that he had thought it himself even. His arm was getting prickly again because his coat was stretched tight pulling on it, shutting off the blood and the heater was blowing cold air on his legs now because the engine had been off for so long. He was afraid to move his hand and start the engine again because that would end it all and the way she was sitting now he couldn't even kiss her. She was so quiet he thought she must be asleep and he didn't want to wake her even but he couldn't move his arm. He sat a long time that way and he felt like disappearing and becoming a hollow ache and he let his legs shake hurting them under the cold blast from the heater.

Soon he began to shake all over with the cold and they hurt and it was still dark and quiet but very, very cold and he just couldn't go on being cold and hurting like that, so he moved his hand, being almost sure she was asleep, and turned on the ignition and she said, "Oh, Paulie, I'm glad we're going. My throat feels like I just ate a sandpaper sandwich!" So he started the car as if that was what he had meant to do all the time and drove with them aching out on the road and was glad when he had gone a little way and the warm air began to come again. **DU**

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LOVE IS NOTHING BUT A FOUR LETTER WORD: He knew that some day he would take her out there and show it to her and tell her about it, about him and how everything was and the way he felt about things.

"Well, my dad's plant is near here," he said.

"Is it? Way out here?"

"Yeah, sure dummy, it's gotta be out here. This is where the labor lives."

"Here, smarty, you get the last shrimp. I never would've thought of that."

"Hm, hm," he laughed and looked at her. You never think of a lot of things. He was wiping the grease off his hands under the seat.

She gave him her handkerchief and said, "Oh, here, wipe your hand on this, you silly Paulie, and don't get so deep. I don't like you when you get that way."

"Hey," he said brightly as if he'd just thought of it, "As long as we're out here how about we drive around a little and I'll show you our fabulous Felsen Furniture factory?"

"Is it far?"

"No," he said, "not more than fifty or sixty miles."

"Oh, silly!"

It was working it was working all right and he drove through the streets with the little houses where the labor lived and turned down County Line road and about a mile on he saw the dark buildings outlined against the less dark sky and when he got closer he was sorry he had brought her to see it because it looked so shabby. He hadn't ever seen it before at night and all the interesting things like the fan that blew sawdust streaming out the pipe onto the pile in the yard and the giant teeth of the rip-saw in back passing through the screaming green wood and the loading dock with all the big semi-trailer trucks backing in and the smell of varnish blowing out the whirling flues on the roof were all dead and dark and quiet. The only thing to see at all when they got close, except for the stacks of wood in the yard under the tarpaulins and the light in the watchman's cubicle on the porch, was the big orange sign with the lights sticking on black metal poles way out over it and shining on it from under the black round shields that said **FELSEN FURNITURE COMPANY** and underneath in slightly smaller letters **PLANT NO. 1**. That made him feel ashamed because Plant No. 2 was the old converted wagon-shed right behind Plant No. 1 and that was all there was to it, all closed in by a high Cyclone-wire fence. He pointed at the loading dock and said that was where he worked last

summer.

He had pulled up in front of the gate and raised the dimmer on his lights so she could see the front of the building. He shined the spotlight at a window on the second floor and told her that was his father's office and the watchman came out of his winter-cubicle with his flashlight and began to walk over, the boy quickly backed the car out and drove down the road because he didn't want the man to recognize his father's car and tell him he'd seen it way out there.

"That was close!" he said.

"Why, we weren't doing anything, were we?" she asked.

"My God, don't you know anything about the law? That side of the road is Indiana!"

"So what? We can go to Indiana if we want, can't we?"

"If a man takes a girl over the state line and they aren't married it's against the law. I thought everybody knew that."

Oh, Paulie, don't get like *that* again . . . please?"

"Okay, well anyway, as long as we're out here we might as well go home this way. There's something I want to show you."

"What is it?"

"You wait and see. I've been wanting to show you for a long time, ever since I worked out here last summer."

"What is it, Paulie? I want to know."

"You'll find out. It isn't much farther."

It wasn't much farther, just a little place along the road and he knew when he'd seen it how nice and dark and quiet it would be at night. He knew that someday he would take her out there and show it to her and tell her about it, about him and how everything was and the way he felt about things. He knew he would be able to tell her all the things he had been making up, since last summer, to say to her when he got her out here. He could see a little wire-string fence and the patches of dried cornstalks all leaning together where some of the labor had gardens and he knew it was somewhere along here and when he found it she would see it too and be glad he brought her out here and would tell him things about how everything was and the way she felt about things. They would really be lovers after tonight because he would hold her and she

would let him and he would kiss her and she would kiss him back and they would both feel it and see how beautiful it really was and could only be when they together. They would tell each other about how everything was and the way they both felt about things if only he could get her there before she made him tell her about it first and spoil everything and then he wasn't even sure anymore where it was or how far down he would have to drive before he saw the stone marker at the end and all the little mounds and markers and the leaves that would now be under the trees. Then there it was looking somehow white and flatter than he had been looking for but there it was. He pulled off at the side of the road.

"Paulie, where are we? I'm mad."

"We're here!" he said.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Paulie, I don't see any place where we could be *here* at."

"Well, look at it."

"It's an old cemetery and I don't think I like it. Oh, look Paulie, there's a rabbit!"

"I'll catch him in the light!" he said, and wheeled the spot around and trailed the rabbit as it leaped between the stones trying to get out of the light.

"Paulie, that isn't nice! You've scared him with that light, and he was so pretty before."

He turned out the light. "I'm sorry," he said. Now he turned on the radio and left the motor running. She was looking out the window as a saxophone vibrated sneakily in the low register on the third station he'd tried. He lit her a cigarette and turned the radio low. "It's pretty, isn't it?" he asked softly, it almost not coming out at all.

"Oh, yes, Paulie, but why is it white? It hasn't been snowing. Look, there isn't any other place that's white. . . ."

"Oh, Madly, it isn't snow at all . . . it's the big leaves from the Indian-Cigar trees . . . with frost on them."

"Oh, Paulie, you're smart. But if you could turn the heater up a little I'd like to take off my coat. . . ."

"Sure," he said.

"Paulie?"

"Yes?"

"Paulie, why did you bring me way out here?"

continued on page 91

LOVE IS NOTHING BUT A FOUR LETTER WORD: They settled down as the violent action of tears and kisses tore at them and then they shifted relaxed when a sword duel or cannon firing interrupted.

continued from page 85

going to powder her nose or fix her stocking or comb her hair or any reason at all but a man could only be going to the toilet.

Sitting high up in the balcony under the stars on the blue ceiling he helped her smooth her coat over the back of her seat as she slipped her arms out of it. They had come in at the middle of the picture and for a few minutes they didn't understand what was happening and they looked at each other and shrugged and laughed softly together. They settled down as the violent action of tears and kisses tore at them and then they shifted relaxed when a sword duel or cannon firing interrupted. During one of the thrilling charges of horsemen he looked at her and watched her closely put his arm on the back of her seat and slid it smoothly over the lining of her coat until it was all the way across. Then he tightened his fingers down on the curve of the seat imagining that it was her shoulder. He flexed his fingers around it and hugged it tightly. She had not noticed and he was relieved. Once she looked at him and he turned to the movie and saw the kiss and then he looked back at her hoping she would still be looking. He had an idea if he could just time it right, but she had turned back again to the screen.

After a bit his arm began to prickle and then it got numb and then began to prickle again. He didn't want to take it away from the nice feeling of being around her shoulders and he knew if he did he would have to take the chance of being seen when he put it back so he just took his fingers off the curve of the seat and snapped his hand into a fist and out again and again until the prickling left and then he hugged the shoulder proudly once more.

He whispered into her ear that he was going to get some candy and without waiting for her to say anything he got up and went out the aisle and then down the stairs two at a time to the lobby and then down again to the men's smoking room and through to the toilet. Coming back he bought candy from a machine in the lobby and hurried up the stairs. He gave her a box as soon as he sat down and asked in a whisper if he'd missed anything. She said no, he didn't miss anything but she did, she missed him, and

she smiled and he put his arm again on the back of her seat not even caring this time that she watched him. He held his candy between his legs and worked it open with his left hand awkwardly and ate, not even holding the little pieces up to the screen to see what color they were.

She said she liked the second picture best but he said no the first one ended better and if they'd been able to see the beginning she would have liked that one best too and she said he probably was right. Anyway the theatre was all lighted up so they went down the inside steps and out the aisle on the main floor and came out last of all the people and the lights darkened behind them. As they got into the outer lobby the warm air ended and the wind blew in and tossed the candy wrappers and dust around in little circles as he held the door open with one hand and guided her elbow out with the other.

Down the street and near the alley around the corner they found his car and sat inside shivering unmoving a minute in the still, cold air while he let the engine warm with the choke out. In spite of his plan he turned the radio on and got one of the bands broadcasting from a downtown hotel. He was looking at her and seeing that somehow the music didn't get in even though he had made it louder and it filled the whole car but was no warmth to her and she looked silly to him clenching her teeth and letting her whole body shake that way. His feet were cold too and he said he'd drive a little so the engine would warm up faster and he could turn the heater on. He drove south and worked his plan by turning onto Stony Island Avenue so he would have to turn the radio off because of the street car cables overhead that made static. She wouldn't know he was doing it on purpose to save the battery for later. He drove on south past the high-school where they went and turned the heater on and drove on south past the theater they had decided not to go to and where the street split in half going each way. The streetcars ran down a little grassy strip in the center and on south where there were no more stores and dark little houses sat behind naked bush-rows pressed against the sidewalk and on south to where it didn't seem anymore like the same city and he could feel his plan beginning to work and was

sure it would if only he could cover it with a little cleverness and enough humor until he got out far enough to let it go along by itself but she began to get warm and asked for a cigarette and he wished he hadn't forgotten to be smoking all the time and looked nonchalant. So he laughed and tried to answer easily and without scheme when she asked where they were going.

"You said you wanted French Fried Shrimp, didn't you?" he answered, "Well, I know a place where they *really* make it." He took the cigarette and hung it on his lip conscious that she was watching him and not at all sure it would work. He wrinkled up his eyes and squinted to give himself a little mystery as he watched the headlights and noticed that the thirty-mile speed limit had ended.

"That was last week, Paulie Felsen, I said I wanted shrimp, not now. . . ."

"But I didn't have the *car* last week. This week I have the car."

She waited and it seemed to be working.

"Anyway, Paulie, I never heard of anybody coming out here to buy shrimp," she finally said, "Do you really know a place? How do you know?"

The car drove past the big powerhouse and he saw the lights on the bridge ahead and knew that he had found the right street. "I just know . . . see?" he said, looking tough and scowling over at her while he kept his eyes in front of him on the road. She didn't say anything so he laughed to let her know he had been joking.

When they sat in the car behind the smoke house eating shrimp his plan was working through nicely. The shrimp was hot and good and he was glad he guessed right about the place from having passed it so many times with his father. She had him hold the wax-lined bag of shrimp and the little paper cup of hot sauce and she dipped them in the sauce and fed him one every time she took one for herself.

"But how did you know about it way out here, and then to *find* it, my God!" she said.

He looked tough again. "I just know, see? You gotta know about those things."

"Ohhh, Paulie, I want you to tell me . . ."

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- an unusual position banned by the Church (for being "too enjoyable")
- when a woman is really being thrilled by your lovemaking—or just "faking"
- how to stimulate sexual desire in a woman—even against her will
- how both partners can climax together—even if your wife rarely has orgasms
- two ways to delay ejaculation—and prolong sex for hours

Which oriental "foreplay" techniques may please your wife most? How can alcohol sometimes increase sexual pleasure—if used in a way you may never have thought of? What powerful aphrodisiac can you mix from ingredients right off your pantry shelf? Which five words that turn most women off in public...may turn most women on in private? What three things should a man never tell a woman he wants to sleep with—but most men foolishly do? How can mirrors help enjoy sex more?

Can you love like a 20-year old...

...even after age forty? What three steps may reverse sexual decline in males? What five steps may restore sex-appeal to women over 35? How can masturbation sometimes draw married couples closer? Which technique may "spoil" a woman for other men, so she can enjoy sex only with you? What is the proper way of guiding shy women towards new sexual experiments? What doctor's "trick" may help you regain an erection quickly? What little-known position helps "difficult" women climax faster?

What age-old sexual practice formerly punishable by extreme torture—may actually be spreading all over America? What technique that many foreign women expect, is foolishly called "perversion" in the U.S.? What

Christian sect performs intercourse only in broad daylight—and why? How did Roman priestesses use sex to raise money for their temples instead of Bingo? What unusual Chinese arousal technique centers about...the feet? What is the best way to cope with a demanding woman's orgasmic needs (and how do some men use it to cope with the needs of two or more women at once)? What "rule-of-thumb" tells you the difference between normal and abnormal sex? How can you "tire out" practically any woman by causing her to have simultaneous orgasms—one immediately after the other?

Bizarre Case Histories—from Dr. Caprio's files

They include a strange kind of homosexual even other homosexuals stay away from...a sodomist with sadomasochistic tendencies...an extreme case of breast fixation...coprolalia (sexual excitement through use of obscene language)...a female deviant with strong leanings towards vampirism...a married couple who engaged in *iroilism* (sexual relations among three people), a woman who could enjoy sex only when *forcibly raped*...a man who satisfied his sexual craving by peeping into *woman's toilets*...a *fetishist* who stole ladies' undergarments...a *nymphomaniac*...and other troubled adults who turned to Dr. Caprio for help.

AN IMPORTANT LEGAL WARNING:

Although Dr. Caprio feels that anything a husband and wife do in the privacy of their marriage that is agreeable to both and injurious to neither, either physically or psychically, is absolutely acceptable...the Law unfortunately does not agree! Much of the advice given, and many of the positions photographed...ARE STRICTLY AGAINST THE LAW IN MANY STATES, AND SOME IN



DR. FRANK S. CAPRIO

A MEDICAL DOCTOR, a PSYCHIATRIST, and a PSYCHOANALYST... Dr. Caprio is also one of the most sought-after MARRIAGE COUNSELORS in the United States or Europe. Leading authority on theoretical and practical sexual problems, he trained with Sigmund Freud's co-worker Dr. William Stekel, later served as observer during Kinsey's historic researches into American sex habits. Only a figure of Dr. Caprio's medical reputation could have broken the "taboo" on publishing live photographs of live male-female lovers engaged in sex—as he has done in this book.

ALL STATES! Therefore, Dr. Caprio urges you to investigate your state laws first.

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim...

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you..."

• "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"

• "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"

• "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"

• "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"

• "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"

• "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"

• "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"

• "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"

• "How another woman summoned a man to her — out of thin air!"

• "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"

• "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"

• "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands..."

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head. I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could

"tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting — stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning... a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets... a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

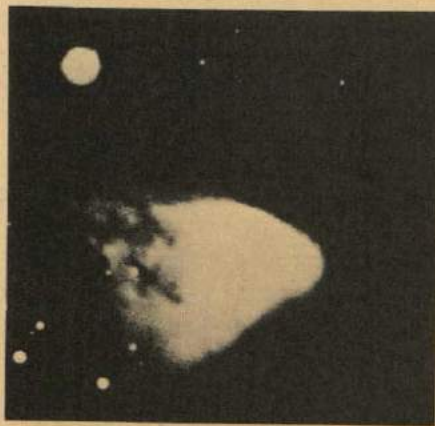
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love... draw favors, gifts, new friends... or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others... men and women in all walks of life... worked every time... and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money... fives, tens, twenties... and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few...

• **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!

• **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with \$500,000!

• **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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LOVE IS NOTHING BUT A FOUR LETTER WORD: As he hit her the first time, laughing a dry note at her whimper, the dress flapped up and the dark tan double thick hem of the stocking showed and then white with a blue edge as he hit her the second time.

quietly, looking at the slip. On the second stocking he realized that there was a mirror and she was standing in front of it. He wanted to tell her. He didn't really look in it until just as she dropped the slip back down across her front.

"It doesn't look a year and a half older than when I bought it for you," he said, holding up the Panda, "It's getting pretty old already. I mean . . ."

"It's not *really* very old, Paulie," she said, smiling, then quickly, "Come and help me pick a dress so I'll know what shoes to wear."

"Wear that nice red one you wore at the party last week, why don't you?" he said still holding the doll.

"Oh, Paulie, that's a *jumper* . . . I'd need a blouse then! Here . . . how about this nice blue one? It buttons down the front . . . see?" She held it against her.

"Hah," he said, "Don't like that one."

"Oh, Paulie, you're mean . . . you're just saying that to be mean. *Help* me . . ."

"No, honest," he said, "Wear something that's brown . . . like the leaves in the woods."

"Oh, Paulie, that's nice. Here," she said holding up a dress, "is this all right?"

"Umh hum, c'mon Madly, get goin'."

She slipped the dress on over her head and guiding herself in the mirror she backed up towards him and sat on his lap. "Zip up my neck!" she asked. He pulled the zipper up and turned her around. "I'll do whatever you want," he said, "for five minutes, but if you aren't ready to go by then I'm going to take you over my knee and spank you right where you sit down."

"Oh, Paulie, . . . you wouldn't?"

"I would and I will if I say I will."

"Stop being a silly nutsy, Paulie, and dance with me." She turned the music up.

"Anything you want," he said, "for five minutes."

As they danced slowly around the room with her eyes shut his hand slid down on her back and she pushed into him a little. He drew away and as he passed the mirror he lifted his hand pressing against the dress and the dress lifted against her legs above the knee. He looked in the glass and then whirled quickly with the music closing his eyes a little and she smiled into his shoulder rubbing her cheek along his cold ear and as they slid past the mirror her back to it

again and again his hand moved up and down and he looked in the glass to see her legs. He pulled himself away from her and she smiled feeling him and the dress slapping above her knees at the silk. The music stopped for singing and he sat her on the bed not knowing what else to do. She looked up at him and said I thought you wanted to talk to me. He didn't know what to do so he grabbed her and said your time's up and you're not ready and I meant it! and she fought with him and strongly-slow and breathing hard he worked her across his lap not even hearing neither that the music was again and slow. As he hit her the first time, laughing a dry note at her whimper, the dress flapped up and the dark tan double thick hem of the stocking showed and then white with a blue edge as he hit her the second time and they both realized it at once and she said Oh Paulie! and he let her up and said let's go c'mon get ready and didn't know anything else to say and she couldn't so she went to the little table and painted lips over her mouth and swept the brush through her hair. She then smiled waving the brush and said it's lucky for me you didn't see *this* and he said again c'mon let's go and without being able to think of a single thing to say or do or anything she got her coat and they went out.

The wind blew his four dollars change back into the cashier's window as someone came in the outer lobby door while he was reopening his billfold so the cashier got down off her stool and picked up the money. It wasn't his fault and she knew it wasn't her fault so she just looked mad and he didn't say anything to her because she looked mad and she didn't say anything to him. He took the money and tucking into the billfold walked away and she called him back to get his tickets and laughed at him and still he didn't say anything to her but took the tickets and went inside to where Madeline stood looking at the bright billboard that said Grosvenor Theatre across the top and had pictures from the film in little squares and all around it told how wonderful the movie was. Across the lobby another bright billboard had pictures from the other movie and words about how wonderful that one was too. So they gave the tickets to the man and walked into the white-marble inner lobby.

Inside, she said, "Paulie, wait for me, I have to go to the ladies room."

He said, "Perfectly all right . . ." and then seeing he couldn't make it come out right and that it wouldn't be funny even if he could he stopped. "Sure!" he said.

When she had gone he began to feel a little silly and strange standing in the center of the white marble lobby thinking about what had happened and how her dress flapped back and he saw the blue edge of her pants realizing for the first time that women really wore those colored ones and that they weren't always just pink. He knew he would remember the blue and he wished he had hit her again before they noticed it and she said Oh Paulie! and now he felt silly and strange. He decided that he might just as well go now too even though he wasn't sure whether he could or not feeling like he did and he walked down the wide marble stairs through the columned entrance to the men's smoking room and past the plastermarble statue of Aphrodite whom he used to sit and blow smoke at and poke with his fingers when he was with the boys. Once he and Dick drew realism on her white protruding and receding nakedness with a pencil and then poked their fingers at her again until the manager heard them laughing and sent an usher down to tell them to piss and get the hell out. And now he went in and stood by a urinal and opened his pants, shifted his feet and couldn't so he moved in closer and looked around him thinking how embarrassed he would be if someone came in and saw him standing there trying and not being able to; just standing for a long time trying and the more he thought about it and tried to stand closer to the urinal, the harder it became to even try anymore. He was embarrassed and kept looking around and when he heard the footsteps coming down the stairs and through the smoking room he pulled the zipper back up and flushed the urinal and washed his hands without looking at the man who came in and then he hurried back up the stairs. And he was embarrassed when he saw Madeline waiting for him because for some reason, which he only felt he didn't want her to know, he had been downstairs at the toilet. For some very slight and unclear reason it was different for men because a girl could be

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LOVE IS NOTHING BUT A FOUR LETTER WORD: Her robe was open enough so that he could tell she had no brassiere on. "Oh, I don't care," he said. "Hell." He took off his coat and carried it into the living room. "Folks home?" he asked.

doll by the armpits over her head. Then she clasped it between her breasts curving her shoulders forward. She drew her legs up and then thrust them out swinging herself to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Across the room was a square sheet mirror that ran two thirds of the way up the wall. She put the doll's face to her breast and swung it in her arms. Then after a minute she held it between her knees and picking up the brush again brushed its hair down over the ears. The electric clock on the bedtable buzzed faintly, she looked and got up.

From the chair where she had placed them she took a pair of pale blue silk pants and stood in front of the mirror. She looked for her beauty and saw it curving down brown over her shoulders and back, saw it in the washed eager face over the firm twin curves of her breasts with the nipples now hard and delicate, saw it sloping in to the waist and then round and fully over and down. Her legs again twin forms with a soft muscle bulge at the front and a ruddy face on each knee and then down round and slim. She pulled the silk cold up her legs and cool and tight across her belly. She patted her tummy in and then spun around to the music from her radio.

Still in front of the mirror she braced her feet apart and bent backwards all the way over until her hands found the floor and her hair hung down between her arms. She looked across her arm into the glass and saw the sharp bone of her hip, her tummy hidden flat behind it, and her two breasts pointing up to the stub of the light fixture painted over now the same blue color as the ceiling. She drew herself back up and saw her body looking tight and firm yet dance-feeling naked and limber. She twisted away to the music and spun herself across the floor and out into the apartment where she danced through the warm dark to the living room. She swept spinning around all the chairs, the sofa and table and stopped in front of the window, looked through the rattling pane across the small prairie and past the other four Fingers, over the golden globes of the parkway lights and out to where the white-tufted mass of blue water shook into the shore with the wind. She leaned her breasts against the window and trembled as the acute coldness shocked her body but after, the

shock became nothing. She knelt on the padded window seat and pressed her belly against the glass, the cold was more comforting as it slowly filtered through the silk, dulling the shock. When her belly, too, had warmed the glass she withdrew from the window and threw herself down on the sofa on her back. The wind shook the window and the music was faint from her room. As she lowered her legs on the silk cover of the sofa they felt cool and strange and she drew her hand up together between her thighs and trembled as she smoothed them over her stomach. She drew them up and touched her breasts. She squeezed hard on her breasts and pressed them together tightening all the muscles in her arms and shoulders. A shudder went from her chest down through her body and she kicked her feet without meaning to. She lay still a moment then shut her eyes. She passed her hands down again over her body, clasped them and pressed them together against her thighs and pressed her thighs together against them. She drew her legs up, turned toward the back of the sofa and dug her head down into the corner squeezing her legs tighter and tighter against her clasped hands.

When he was sure he had heard the two tones of the chimes ringing inside he stepped back and waited. She let him in holding her robe closed at the front the belt hanging from one loop to the floor.

"I'm sorry I'm not ready, Paulie," she said when they were inside, "but there was something wrong with the hot water. They just turned it on about twenty minutes ago."

Her robe was open enough so that he could tell she had no brassiere on. "Oh, I don't care," he said. "Hell." He took off his coat and carried it into the living room. "Folks home?" he asked.

"No, they're out," she said, and went and sat on the sofa, slapping her imprinted form out of it with her hands. "Sit down . . . oh," and she jumped up, "I'll make a light!" and she added, "If you want me to . . ."

"That's all right. I like the dark . . . it reminds me of things," he said, and sat on the window seat looking out.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What kind of things?"

"Oh, you know...*thoughts!* I mean..."

"I have to get dressed," she said, "Do you mind?"

"No," he said with a mock British accent, "Perfectly all right! Why, I had to get dressed once myself!" This was a variation of their regular joke about I had to go to the bathroom once myself, so they both laughed.

"No, nutsy Paulie, that's not it at all," she said, "I mean will you miss me? Will I be one of your *thoughts*?"

"Yes," he said sadly, trembling his voice, "I'm too old to change now!" And he looked out the window. He saw her figure reflected in the pane as she turned in at the hall and then he heard the lock on the bathroom door click. He kept looking out the window not knowing what to think about until he heard the slow whirling suck of the toilet flushing. Then he thought about his buddy at school, Dick, who had once told him if you ever want to fall out of love with a girl just picture her taking a crap! A nice *perfumey* one, he had added expecting Paulie to laugh all the harder but he hadn't laughed at all and Dick had called him a *Ghoul*.

"Madly!" he called to her after she had been back in her room for a minute.

"Yes, Paulie?"

"Will you be long?"

"Miss me?"

"I want to talk to you."

After a pause she said trying to keep her voice even, "Why don't you come in here and talk to me while I'm dressing? . . . I'm almost through."

"Well, okay, if you mean it . . . is it all right?"

"Yes, silly Paulie, my folks went to play Mah Jong at the Brandberg's."

"It's a nice room" he said looking around, "Gee, I didn't know you still had the bear . . ." He looked at her. She was wearing a slip.

"It's a Panda, Paulie, you know it's a Panda, and I'm never going to throw her away. . . ."

"Him," Paulie corrected.

"It's a her, nutsy Paulie Felsen, and you know it is!" She came over to him and pouted.

"Okay," he said and sat on the bed, "Get ready, will you?"

She took a stocking off the back of the chair and turned away from him. He watched the slip tighten around her bottom and wrinkle along the sides. She glanced into the mirror at him and then looked back to her fastening. He sat

Love is nothing but a 4 letter word

By Joseph Sander

Without names, known only by their addresses, the five tall apartment buildings were referred to in the neighborhood as the Five Fingers. Each finger had more than twenty floors of apartment lights and from each building a fire-escape extended like a Chinese paper-puzzle dropped from the roof to the ground. Set clearly distinct from the rest of the neighborhood on the small flat prairie between the lake and the electric-train tracks, the buildings were stung cold by the wind and the pinked flaps of the green entrance awnings waved and curled around the steel supports. In front of each entrance against the awning to escape the wind, a black doorman, dressed in standard blue uniform and black boots, beat his feet against the sidewalk and held his cap on with one hand when he had to open the door of a car.

A big sign said CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE as the boy drove his father's car past the Five Fingers into the little street that separated the lots, where sewers steamed up through the asphalt. The wind took the steam and flayed it against the tall weeds until it disappeared. The boy drove up along the curb and stopped. He turned the radio and the heater off to





save the battery for later and swung his legs up on the seat and leaned back against the door handle. He smoked and watched the electric trains going south to the mills in Indiana and north to the city. The electric lights burned over the streets and high up the light burned in the Fingers. The red ones dotted the fire-escape and the others fanned out across the floors like rows of high-scores on a pin-ball machine. On one building he counted up twenty bathroom windows and saw the light. The apartment lights were out. The smoke from his cigarette hung around him and he stared up at the bathroom window with the light on and dug his shoes into the upholstery on the door as he planned the evening from nine o'clock.

Inside the building the electric wind of the elevator thrust up and down the shaft rattling the padded doors softly. Behind the gold-studded blue leather on the door of the twentieth floor Madeline's mother and father waited for the car to come. They faintly heard the whistle of air as it came swooping up the shaft. Air puffed through the pads as the car bounced to a stop and hung. The door disappeared into the wall and they entered the elevator. The door reappeared and they were gone. A slight chill had entered the vestibule from the elevator and immediately the thermostat clicked and a flood of heat came out of the grill-work register concealed beneath the table under the urn of bittersweet.

Inside, Madeline ran naked with her bobby-pins from the music in her room back into the bathroom where the steam from the shower was still slipping out the door. She stood on the orange-flowered bathmat and looked in the mirror over the washbasin. A defective fluorescent light across the top buzzed and crackled while she placed bobby-pins in her hair on the front and sides and combed the rest out smooth and brown in back. Each stroke of the comb pulled her head a little and starting from this she began to flirt with herself winking into the mirror. Leaning forward, her thighs pressed against the cold porcelain, she recoiled and taking the comb and brush with her she raced back into her room curling her toes into the nap of the thick grey carpet and threw herself bouncing onto her Hollywood pallet bed with the bright flowered cushions square and straight along the wall. She lay on her stomach and dropped the comb and brush on the floor. She seized her stuffed Giant Panda doll and rolled onto her back holding the

THE MOTOWN STORY: "I talked to many people who were on drugs so that I could get the character absolutely right. I looked at the marks on their arms and felt their agony."

know the Miracles used to come in and throw darts. That was the big thing. Everybody would bet on who would come closest to the center mark, so it was a lot of fun at that time. It really wasn't work."

Diana, Mary Wilson, and Florence Ballard changed their name from the Primettes (after the Temptations who were originally called the Primes) to the Supremes. They went to classes at Motown: "We learned how to sit, how to walk, how never to open a car door but let your escort do it. Even how to hold a cigarette."

Then there were the tours which invariably were a grind: "Have you ever spent 21 days on a bus, keeping dates, keeping your wardrobe, your makeup, your wigs, singing one-nighters, longer engagements, up at 6 A.M. and back on that bus? Like Europe, I've been to Europe many times, but Europe to me is just a stage door in Milan, a stage in London, a theater somewhere else. We never had time to see anything, to feel where we were and what was different about it."

Perhaps that attitude was instrumental in Diana leaving the Supremes. She just wanted to go into a new direction, and the fact that the group had five straight flops (after Holland-Dozier-Holland left the label) before their last hit together, "Love Child." This was late in 1969, and Mary Wilson said, "I've never thought the Supremes would end, even when I knew about Diana's intentions to leave us. It just gave me a stronger will to carry on."

"Motown's full of moguls and tycoons who just care about money. For the past three years they've shown no interest in us and it was only our fans who've stayed with us. We've come close to leaving them. When a group loses its backbone, then it's tough. Anyway, now they're beginning to get behind us again, but even so, things aren't as they used to be."

So, Florence, who had left before to pursue a vastly unsuccessful solo career (and somewhere along the line sued Motown for \$8.7 million), was replaced by Cindy Birdsong (ex-Patti and the Bluebells). Diana's spot was filled by Jean Terrell, Tammi's sister.

Like the Temptations, it became a period for re-awakened social consciousness. "Love Child" dealt with a ghetto child with no last name wearing a worn,

torn dress that somebody had previously thrown out. It was a magnificent cry for sympathy incorporating adventurous screams and unique backup vocals. "I'm Living in Shame" was another. Even the cover of Diana's solo LP posed her as a victim of Biafran rickets which caused some heads to fly at the Motown empire.

So, the Supremes, guided by producer Frank Wilson, had their flash of hits even without Diana: "Stoned Love," "Up the Ladder to the Roof," "I'm Living in Shame." Yet, lately, they haven't put out too much that's been memorable. Recent developments have seen Scherrie Payne (Freda's sister) taking over for Jean, and Cindy returning to the fold after a brief absence filled by Linda Laurence. Stevie Wonder has produced their new album, which is a subdued, sophisticated, cocktail-pop romp through compositions by white popsters Harry Nilsson, Jimmy Webb, Joni Mitchell, and the like.

Through the years the Supremes have had 12 personnel changes, mostly because of marriage. So, their correct lineup appears as unstable as ever. Mary Wilson married Pedro Ferrer, a local Las Vegas actor, who now is the Supremes personal manager. Diana married Bob Ellis, Billy Preston's manager. Friction allegedly developed between the white Ellis and Berry Gordy with whom Diana was rumored to have "been close with" at one time. In any event, Diana can be seen tooling around Hollywood and Beverly Hills in her yellow Rolls Royce, alone.

Meanwhile, Diana's position is more assured. "You've got to have direction. I'm very lucky to have Berry because he decides what's best for me. I give him total responsibility for those decisions. He's had this kind of relationship with every other group, but I'm the only person that's really let him have total control."

With the head of the company looking after you, it's a cinch you won't fare too badly. Diana's had some hits: "Reach Out and Touch (Somebody's Hand)," "Remember Me," "Ain't No Mountain High Enough." But, more importantly, Berry cast her as Billie Holiday in the movie *Lady Sings the Blues*. The Motown production became a fantastic success and Diana, who'd never acted before, garnered an Academy Award Nomination on the strength of her per-

formance. "I talked to many people who were on drugs so that I could get the character absolutely right. I looked at the marks on their arms and felt their agony."

Currently Diana, who's done it all, is seemingly reevaluating her involvement in music. From her *Live at Caesar's Palace* LP, Diana commented, "It suddenly occurred to me that I'm an oldie. And what makes it worse is that the other day I received an award for newcomer of the year. Now I don't know if I'm an oldie or a newie. Anyway, I was a Supreme and that was a goodie."

David Ruffin, Eddie Kendricks, Paul Williams, Melvin Franklin, and Otis Williams were the Temptations, one of the most equally balanced vocal groups in pop music. In a soup bowl, their songs were the essence of romance; tender, warm, endearingly affectionate statements with slowly building, hypnotic melodic lines. They had a touch for fast weaving harmonies incorporating classic call and response that more than occasionally focused on Ruffin's involving phrases. The vocal parts were adventurous, and quite often intense. A sampling of their smashes include "My Girl," "Since I Lost My Baby," and "I Know I'm Losing You."

David Ruffin wanted to branch out and left the group for a solo career. (His brother, Jimmy Ruffin, had a large record on Motown with "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted.") Enter vocalist Dennis Edwards in June 1968. Edwards previously recorded for Motown's Contours who are best remembered by "Do You Love Me."

At this juncture the Temptations were rejuvenated. Having previously been produced by Smokey Robinson and Holland-Dozier-Holland, when the latter parted ways with Motown, the group was taken under the wing of Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong (who hit with "Money"). Psychedelia was in full reign, and prime inspirations were Sly and the Family Stone and Jimi Hendrix (musical), and the Beatles (production).

The vocals became harder, there were quick interchanges of scat noises and dialogues between group members. Some said the group's new sound — termed "acid soul" — was self-conscious and contrived, yet the Temptations had more hits than ever: "Cloud Nine," "Runaway

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THE MOTOWN STORY: Diana started out as a secretary at Motown: "I didn't do a thing except straighten up Berry Gordy's desk. It wasn't a real office anyway because he used the whole building for working and everybody kind of gathered in this room. They had a dart board. The Miracles used to come in and throw darts."

an ingenuous interpretation of his own lyrics. Yet, Robinson never recriminated others, or felt sorry for himself. The sadness was an aura, never a pool in which he floundered. His powerfully emotional statements were delivered in an unusual structure with unexpected rhythmic twists.

Claudette dropped out of the group eight years ago, and they carried on as a quartet until over a year ago when Robinson dropped out to spend more time with his family. He mans a desk as a vice president at Motown, and also recorded a solo LP, *Pure Smokey*, that wasn't up to scratch. Meanwhile, the Miracles added Bill Griffith and scored critically with *Renaissance*.

Marvin Gaye, known as "Mr. Perfectionist" during his touring days with the Motown Revue, was nurtured in a gospel setting with a father for a minister, or a minister for a father; perhaps that was the start of this troubled man. He started out as a Motown drummer and as a vocalist with the Spinners and Moonglows. He married Berry Gordy's sister, Anna, and he began singing for Motown.

His earliest records were very close approximations of gospel singing, with a regular handclapping rhythm, chanting vocal group backup, and lyrics that smacked of the gospel: "Can I Get a Witness," "You're a Wonderful One," "Pride and Joy" (written for his wife). The rhythm was more crude, more basic than other records of the mid 60s, and in that way more appealing. Marvin sang lightly and relaxed over a compulsive but varied rhythm.

He did an album of Broadway tunes and then started singing with all sorts of women: the Vandellas, Kim Weston ("It Takes Two"), Tammi Terrell ("Your Precious Love," "If I Could Build My Whole World Around You"). Late in 1968 his solo "I Heard it Through the Grapevine" sold four million copies. Then tragedy struck.

During a concert at William and Mary college in Virginia, Tammi collapsed on stage. Many months passed, there were more than a few operations, but Tammi tragically succumbed to a brain tumor. Her death remains a mystery. No one really could explain how a 25 year old girl could have a brain tumor. Rumors

had it that Tammi "perhaps had been mugged or beaten up by a boy friend which later resulted in the tragedy." No one really knows and, if they do, no one is talking.

To say that Marvin was destroyed, is to set things accurately. Afterwards Marvin's wife told a reporter that he had "taken a momentary retreat in Arizona to write poetry and to do some music composition." They say, "he became estranged from his wife for a period," and "seemingly couldn't get anything released on Motown at all." He stopped performing, about which he'd always felt uncomfortable. Gaye became very reclusive and private. Then he bounced back.

The immensely successful *What's Goin' On* album, true to its title, was Gaye's contemplative look around; it provided some sense of consolation, helping the listener to come up with an answer. Needless to say, the mood was more befitting a lonely living room than a dancehall. Musically it was a fusion of soul, jazz, pop, and latin. Gaye's impeccable phrased tenor never sounded better, and the LP yielded three huge hits: "Pollution," "Mercy Mercy Me," and "Inner City Blues." The album could be summed up by the title track which lamented war, pollution, heroin, and the miseries of ghetto life, while at the same time extolling the virtues of Jesus, peace, love, children, and the poor.

Marvin describes the artistically erotic *Let's Get It On*: "These songs do have a definite sexuality about them. I wanted to make some sort of strong, funky statement on sex and love, something that people could listen to and get in closer touch with sex and love and sexuality." That was a big hit too.

Although Gaye's success continues — he composed the *Trouble Man* movie soundtrack, has recently returned to live performances, and has a hit, "My Mistake," recorded with Diana Ross — he forever jokes about wanting to play football as a Detroit Lion; as it is, he plays every week.

The Marvelettes — Wanda Rogers (wife of Miracle Robert Rogers), Katherine Anderson, and Ann Bogan (later replaced by Gladys Horton) — have receded so much into the background, it's

hard to tell if they're still on Motown, even though they are. Initially the group smashed right off with "Please Mr. Postman," which was mainly directed at service men's wives and college girl friends who depended on the mail man providing security in the form of a letter from a loved one. It had a surreal sense of detachment, a definite pop feel with very high backup vocals and a clear, resonant, sassy, emotional lead vocal. It was a nice record, as were "Don't Mess with Bill" and "Playboy," but the Marvelettes were soon forgotten when a similar female group, the Supremes, caught on fire.

If any artist could be called Berry Gordy's pet, it would be the Supremes, specifically Diana Ross. It wasn't long before the Supremes rose from the bottom of the totempole to the top. It was more than having the right songs, it was image. They were professional; they sang the right notes, smiled the right smiles, and moved like three synchronized robots. And they were sexy and a bit naughty, but in a polite, sisterly way. With droll feline moves, they flashed their white teeth, rolled their eyes fluttering them with large false eyelashes, and lapped their pink tongues. Lead singer Diana Ross riveted you to the floor with her direct, sultry stare.

At first, Diana lacked feeling and conviction, sang in a narrow range, a whining tone that would have been difficult for a less attractive woman to succeed with. Her sighs and pauses for breath were often more expressive than her words. She sang like her delivery was coming right through her nose. Still, they made Motown's best records.

Under the guidance of Holland-Dozier-Holland, the Supremes for a time couldn't miss: "Where Did Our Love Go," "Baby Love," "Back in My Arms Again," "Stop! In the Name of Love," "I Hear a Symphony," etc. They soon became the label's most beloved act and sold more records than Ford sold automobiles.

Diana started out as a secretary at Motown: "I didn't do a thing except straighten up Berry Gordy's desk. It wasn't a real office anyway because at that time he used the whole building for working and everybody kind of gathered in this room. They had a dart board. I

THE MOTOWN STORY: "It's the sound of the urban Negro at his sharpest, strutting down the avenue in their bad sharkskin suit, hand tucked way up in his pocket, feeling happy, sexy, lonely, or bewildered, but feeling something."

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they call Sunset. Yet, Esther Edwards Gordy (who's married to an important Michigan congressman) still runs the million dollar Detroit complex. Why the move? Many say it was necessary to get back in the thick of things along side the other big industry tycoons; after all, Hollywood is the entertainment capitol of the world.

Others feel Gordy was frustrated with the record business and decided to go West and open up what Motown calls a "Total Entertainment Complex," showcasing theater, TV, film, and records. *Lady Sings the Blues*, *Pipin*, and the Jackson Five TV cartoon series are just three positive and financially rewarding products. With the move to the Coast, Gordy stepped down from the record side of the company and hired old friend Ewart Abner, who worked along side of him at Ford, as president of the Motown Record Corporation and Gordy positioned himself as president of Motown Industries. Chairman of the Board.

Motown is, of course, a contraction of Motor Town. But exactly how much did Motown have to do with Detroit, the motor industry, and the pulse of that city's population? After all, the company did move from Detroit and has continued to rev up its motor in glamorous Hollywood. Lamont Dozier feels the "sounds of the city theory" is superficial. According to Dozier, "The Motown sound is spiritually oriented, a mixture of r & b and pop with a big bottom beat combining the black-heritage gospel to produce a mechanical thing." Duke of the Four Tops disagreed: "The way of life in Detroit simulated a lot of things. There was a really strong inner feeling 'cause all the dudes came from the same part of the street, town, and same sociological area. Music and being with Motown was one way to get away from some of the hardest parts of Detroit."

"If you really want to get down to it," another Top added, "to me H-D-H were Motown as far as that sound goes; they were responsible for 90% of it." Otis Williams, spokesman for the Temptations, felt that the definition of the Motown sound was "successful hits." "Actually, I don't think even Berry Gordy himself at the time he formed Motown was after a particular sound,"

remembers Otis sipping on a mid-afternoon cocktail. "Gordy just wanted hits and he got them." Stevie Wonder attributes the Motown sound to the Motown studio musicians. Without a doubt they were instrumental in the label's sound. They largely were: James Jamison on bass, Earl Van Dyke on piano and Benny Benjamin on drums (before he died in 1968).

"Motown, like chairman Mao Tse Tung, is wedded to a philosophy of 'going on two legs'; the principle is to keep one foot in the world of rhythm and blues and the other in the wider (or narrower) world of pop and theatrical show business music." In doing so Berry Gordy has done what no other black man has ever been able to do, take his own deep-rooted black music and exploit it effectively by drawing 70% of his audience from white middle class! As Ewart Abner reiterated, "Gordy was the first to take pure r & b and get it programmed to whites and make it pop." The sound is slick and inoffensive and can be appreciated by such diverse groups as plump, middle-aged, white suburban housewives digging Diana Ross at Caesar's Palace, to militant Black Panther party members getting down with Martha Reeves "Heatwave" at a revolutionary meeting.

In his own words Gordy once defined Motown as "rats, roaches, struggle, talent, guts, and love." One expert pointed out that, "If that makes it sound like a blues sound, it's not. It's the sound of the urban Negro at his sharpest, strutting down the avenue in this *bad* sharkskin suit, hand tucked way up in his pocket, feeling happy, sexy, lonely, or bewildered, but feeling something. It's an energetic sound, a 60s sound striving for the 70s, sometimes excessive, never too thin."

Remembers Gordy, "Having been around a lot of the crowd coming from the ghetto and the blues loving people and all that, we really dug the type of things that reflected the society . . . And I felt that this (Motown) was something that could be a very good force in American music and communicating with people.

"I always wanted to be a songwriter. I started to write things more from feeling. I wanted just a straight line approach with what I was trying to say to the

people. But instead when I would write the song it would not come out like I thought it should. So I was unhappy with that . . . I started to produce things. And then I got Smokey Robinson and the Miracles and we started producing and making records."

More than any other act, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles were Motown. Not only did they provide the label's first million seller with "Shop Around" (their third record) in 1960, but Smokey Robinson guided the careers of acts in addition to that of the Miracles by composing hit records and by producing. For instance, he wrote "My Guy" for Mary Wells, "Ain't that Peculiar" and "I'll Be Doggone" for Marvin Gaye, and "My Girl" for the Temptations.

Smokey (William) Robinson, Pete Moore, Robert Rogers, Ronald White, and Claudette Robinson (Robert's sister and Smokey's wife) were just another vocal group roaming around Detroit when they formed in 1955. As they developed, Smokey immediately came to the fore as a performer and vocalist.

He sang in a perfect woman's soprano, and similar to Sam Cooke, in a high, pure, controlled swooping manner. It was full of delicate subtleties. He took his voice in unexpected directions; sometimes he miscalculated and missed the desired note, adding to the tension. While Robinson warbled, removing a tie or a sequined matador jacket in the process, the Miracles grunted in the background, delicately swirling around or engagingly imitating monkeys ("Mickey's Monkey").

His best compositions were imbued with some curious contradiction in love, whose mystery provided the songs with a distinct air of innocence, wonder, and discovery. "I've got sunshine on a cloudy day" ("My Girl") immediately grabs you and pulls you into the song. "I don't like you but I love you" ("You Really Got a Hold on Me"), "Tracks of My Tears" and "Ain't that Peculiar" are further examples.

Hits like "Ooh Baby, Baby" and "I Second that Emotion" are begging letters of love. Smokey gets down on his knees and he pleads and sobs, his voice is delicate and soft, and then a torment of agony is unleashed and his voice breaks, bends, and trembles — it's a cry of pure pain — and then he sighs. Really,

THE MILHOUSE AWARDS: "It was my double, not I, who issued instructions to cover up Watergate. To rectify this terrible deed, I have tonight instructed the attorney general to arrest and bring to trial my double — David Frye."

continued from page 73

Dean: Thank you. (silence)

Hope: Now he's speechless.
(laughter, applause)

Hope: Now to present the award for *Best Comedy Performance*, Mr. Pleased-as-Punch, Hubert Humphrey.

(applause)

Humphrey: I just want to say I'm very happy to be a part of this great night. Muriel just today said politicians should be given awards for what they do.

Hope: Hubert, the show only lasts one hour. (laughter)

Humphrey: Thanks Bob. The nominees for *Best Comedy Performance* are:

John Erlichman—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

Bob Haldeman—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

Herb Kalmbach—*Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

Ronald Ziegler—*Press Briefings*, 1968-1973.

Richard Nixon—*His second term*, 1968-present.

And the winner is John Erlichman, for *Watergate Testimony*, 1973.

(applause)

Erlichman: This is quite a shock. There's so many others who gave really great performances. I'd like to accept this on behalf of the entire White House team, especially the Plumbers who made my Watergate appearance possible.

(applause)

Hope: To present the next Milhouse, Mr. Show Business, the multi-talented Sammy Davis Jr.

(applause)

Davis: Thanks Bob. Now the award for the *Best Supporting Role by a Staff Member*. The nominees are:

Rose Mary Woods—for *Transcribing Tapes*.

John Erlichman—for *Watergate*, 1972.

Bob Haldeman—for *Watergate*, 1972.

John Mitchell—for *Campaigns*, 1972.

And the winner is Bob Haldeman for *Watergate*, 1972.

(applause)

Announcer: Accepting for Bob Haldeman, Dwight Chapin.

Chapin: Bob couldn't be here tonight. He had some legal matters to take care of but on his behalf I'd like to thank everyone involved. Thank you.

(applause)

Hope: To present the prestigious *Best Political Acting Award*, Senator Barry Goldwater. (applause)



Goldwater: This award is for a politician who deliberately lies or withholds the truth to cover his own ass. The nominees are:

John Mitchell—for *ITT, Watergate and Milk Fund*.

Richard Nixon—for *ITT, Watergate and Milk Fund*.

John Erlichman—for *ITT, Watergate and Milk Fund*.

Bob Haldeman—for *ITT, Watergate and Milk Fund*.

Maurice Stans—for *Campaign Contributions*.

Egil Krogh—the *Plumbers*.

And the winner is John Mitchell, *ITT, Watergate and the Milk Fund*.

(applause)

Announcer: Accepting for John Mitchell is Maurice Stans.

Stans: As you know John and I have been associates in many things. If he were here I'm sure he'd thank you all from the bottom of his heart. He'd especially want me to thank the Chief Executive without whom this award wouldn't have been possible. Thank you.

(applause)

Hope: Now for the big honor of the night, the *Perfectly Clear Milhouse*. This special, high award, is done in crystal and is delivered to the winner by a Mexican laundry truck. To present this award, former Vice-President Spiro "Call me Ted" Agnew.

(standing ovation)

Hope: I understand you're writing a book for Playboy.

Agnew: That's right Bob. It's about a vice-president who's controlled by the communists. Maybe you can find someone to read it to you.

(laughter)

Hope: No, but seriously, isn't it kind of strange for a politician to write a book?

Agnew: Not really. John Kennedy wrote

Profiles in Courage. Richard Nixon wrote *Six Crises*.

Hope: Yeah, Nixon is now working on Volume 2. (laughter)

Well Ted, I'm going to go backstage and listen to your presentation on the wiretap. (laughter)

Agnew: Thanks Bob. The *Perfectly Clear Milhouse* is awarded to the Politician who does the most to contribute to the mood of the country. The nominees are:

Bob Haldeman—for "They're out to get us."

John Erlichman—for "Screw them."

John Mitchell—for *Complete Guide to Wiretap*.

Richard Nixon—for *Paranoia*, 1968-1972.

And the winner is Richard Nixon for *Paranoia*, 1968-1972. (applause)

Hope: Mr. Nixon is on his way here to accept the award in person. Here he is now, President Richard Nixon.

(standing ovation)

Nixon: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you. I am the President and I've worked hard and long to achieve what no Chief Executive since Harding has been able to accomplish. The loyalty of my staff is sincerely felt. But I feel now is the time to clear up some things about the so-called Watergate Affair and that is, I had nothing to do with it!

When news of Watergate came to light, I was in Florida, deep sea fishing with BeBe. To enable me to relax, I sometimes employ a "double" to stay in the limelight so that I can sneak away.

It was my double, not I, who issued instructions to cover-up Watergate.

To rectify this terrible deed, I have tonight instructed the Attorney General to arrest and bring to trial my double — David Frye.

To Mr. Frye all I can say is now you can work on an impression of Judge John Sirica.

Thank you for this award.

(standing ovation)

Hope: I knew he was innocent all along. Ladies and gentlemen we're running out of time so good night.

(applause)

Announcer: The First Annual Milhouse Awards have been brought to you by International Telephone and Telegraph in co-operation with the Dairy Association. This is your announcer George McGovern. Good Night.

THE MOTOWN STORY: Others believe a rumor that "Gordy lost his entire company to gang control due to his exorbitant gambling escapades."

engineer would submit to a Motown executive board what he would consider final recorded product. Each engineer would get his product mastered and disked (made into a record), as well as submit the final tape for inspection. Engineer X's version of Marvin Gaye would be scrutinized and compared to engineer Y's and so on. They would play off each individual engineer so that the competitive thing would be all important. The board, which consisted of all the pertinent heads of the departments plus technical and recording engineer executives as well as the immediate Gordy family, would select the highest quality product for release. Hence Quality Control. You could imagine the ego clashes and tensions between each engineer because if you didn't produce, you'd be eased out. Gordy never had any favorites except the 'hit record.' Those meetings caused a lot of anxiety but they always produced hits."

Another interesting facet of the Motown complex was the Special Projects Department. Charm School was headed by Gwen Gordy who was married for a time to Harvey Fuqua (an original Moonglow and former Motown producer/writer). According to an ex-employee: "Gwen was set up on the first floor of one house in a huge two-story high living room the size of a dance hall. They mirrored one entire wall of the place, which was maybe 30 or 40 feet, and Gwen would give terrific lessons in elocution, posture, breathing, and choreography. Dance steps and various stage acts would be practiced and this was quite a large part of what the groups would do when they were in town. An adjunct to this was the costumes and designing for the groups which, when the money became big, was done primarily in-house. Whatever Gordy did, he kept it in the family."

Motown had always had this family image, at least in the early years. "It would be quite normal to see boy and girl vocal groups arm-in-arm leaving a session, which featured Marvin Gaye behind a drum kit, Stevie Wonder at the keyboards, the Supremes on backups, and Smokey Robinson and his wife and the Miracles on lead." Gordy would sit behind the control board with producers Norman Whitfield and Holland-Dozier-Holland and think about the monetary returns. It was all chummy, chummy

until . . . well, until things got, as one artist said, "depersonalized." The artist explained: "The company was getting too big and Gordy wouldn't be around too much. If you wanted to see him or talk to him, he'd always be at that same meeting."

The company was getting big and Gordy had bigger ideas than a few run down houses in the bad side of town. He needed something more sophisticated, more business-like. Around 1968 he moved into an impressive 10 story office building in downtown Detroit on Woodward Avenue, just north of the major downtown shopping area. Former employees started saying he was getting "title conscious." Gordy didn't care, he just kept on getting richer, but he was slowly losing friends and artists.

Berry changed the name of the Supremes to Diana Ross and the Supremes and there was havoc. Producers Holland-Dozier-Holland demanded a salary increase, and Motown alleged breach of contract. H-D-H finally split Motown and started their own production/record company, Invictus, distributed by Capitol, which failed miserably. Lamont Dozier then left Invictus "because we made the same mistakes as Motown," and has recently signed a solo contract with ABC/Dunhill. That label also harbors the Four Tops who also wanted a little more "respect" and "a lot more money." Sammy Davis and Billy Eckstine then left the company fold over personal conflicts with Gordy; scratch two more good friends. Berry's sister, a vice president at Motown, died in 1965 which was a crashing blow to the Gordy family. Drastic personnel changes in the groups and in the organization soon developed.

First, the Temptations changed lead singers three times (one of the Tops suspects that "they were all more or less fired"). David Ruffin was apparently not allowed to work until contracts and law suits were straightened out. Rumor had it that Anna Gordy Gaye, another of Berry's sisters, and Marvin Gaye, her husband, had a falling out and Gaye's records were said to be strangely held up at the factory. The Supremes started changing members until finally Diana Ross split to pursue a solo career. Subsequently the Supremes almost packed up and split the company because of Gordy's alleged lack of interest. Stevie

Wonder's contract ran out and he started his own company, but it was rumored that he was lured back to the label by his legal council "who used to be partners" with Ewart Abner at Vee Jay Records. Gordy started to lose interest in some of the middle line groups like Gladys Knight and the Pips, and the Spinners, and they left Motown. Sales began slipping and suddenly confusion reigned. An ex-employee who wishes to remain anonymous ventured his opinion: "the reason why everything was so mixed up for a while was because nobody but a few people knew what was exactly going on. The whole executive part of the company became removed from everybody else, especially Gordy."

Asking people about the various implied Mafia infiltrations in Motown leads to the answer: None. One ex-publicity worker once said, "Mafia entanglements are common knowledge only to the press." Other verbal comments have slipped out that "all ties have been broken since the move from Detroit to Los Angeles." Others believe a somewhat ridiculous rumor that "Gordy lost his entire company to gang control due to his exorbitant gambling escapades." Michael Roshkind, corporate vice president and Gordy's right hand man, says he's been called everything from "the real boss at Motown to the Mafia's representative." Presumably Roshkind says this with a smile. Robert Gordy once told a reporter that the reason why people harped upon the Mafia thing was simply a matter of "racism." One outsider says that "the confusion prevails because the wheels of Motown are run like a Mafia family and so people get confused." Confusion can get pretty sticky, so most experts rule out the "Mafia theory" rationalizing that most of the record business has its fair share of crooks and honest people alike. When questioning the artists themselves, the reaction is mixed. Stevie Wonder feels if it was true, then "every company is controlled by the Mafia." But then Stevie feels "the government is run by the Mafia."

In 1972, Berry Gordy became an emperor and fulfilled his Hollywood dream. He uprooted the company that had its foundation in the thoroughways and back alleys of big bad Detroit, and situated himself on the neon strip in Los Angeles

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THE MOTOWN STORY: "It was really a trip with the houses, especially in the winter. You'd have to duck between houses in sleeting five degree weather coming from a nicely heated studio. We'd just freeze our asses getting from one division of the company to another."

that. He was always around show people with this photography concession for the different night clubs around Detroit. His sisters would help him; they were a family team." The "team" consisted of Berry Jr., sisters Gwen, Esther, Iris and Anna, and later on his brother Robert. During 1958-59, Gwen, Berry Jr. and Tyran Carlo created three hot hits for another Motor-town lad by the name of Jackie Wilson. "Lonely Teardrops," "To Be Loved," and "I'll Be Satisfied" gave Gordy enough confidence to quit his Ford job and sink his time and money into a record company.

Gordy recorded Marv Johnson (of "You've Got What it Takes" fame) singing "Come to Me" and locally distributed it throughout Detroit, Flint and Pontiac, some say by "using the back of a station wagon." Berry sold the national distribution rights to United Artists Records which made Johnson a U.A. artist. Next Berry recorded and produced "Bad Girl" by an unknown ensemble called the Miracles. It became a huge local hit and Berry leased the national distribution rights to Chess Records in Chicago; so, the Miracles were to have a two-record contract with Chess. Artist trade-offs were frequent in the record industry at that time and, after their Chess stint was completed, Smokey Robinson (the leader of the Miracles) and his crew jumped back with Gordy and recorded one of Gordy's tunes, "Way Over There," backed by a Smokey original, "Mama Done Told Me." It became the first national Motown release in 1959.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Berry's sister Gwen was holding up her end with Tyran Carlo, starting their own record company called Anna Records. They recorded a wet-behind-the-ears singer, Lamont Dozier, who had a local hit, "Popeye," as Lamont Anthony. The musical assembly line was now beginning to roll and a family affair record empire called Motown was to be the resulting Rolls Royce.

First Gordy needed a system and, what's more, he needed office space. So he began buying large, rambling two-story brick houses on West Grand. Number 2648 marked the building where studio "A" was located, complete with an echo chamber complex in the attic and an electronic shop in the basement.

Gordy kept buying property. First the

two on either side, and then the whole block, and finally two more across the street, until he scooped up seven buildings, dubbing his ghetto ensconced empire "Hitsville U.S.A." as the gaudy billboard indicated.

The remaining quarters housed Gordy's four highly successful companies, among them Jobete, where Berry had his office on the second floor. Jobete (named for Gordy's three children: Joy, Berry, and Terry) was the publishing operation and was run by Gordy's brother, vice president Robert, who many ex-employees thought "dropped the ball much too often." Jobete's contract writers included the hit team of Eddie Holland, Lamont Dozier (who likes to believe he "gave the Motown sound a bit of sophistication"), and Brian Holland, commonly known in the business as H-D-H, and the Barrett Strong/Norman Whitfield combination. An interesting sidenote is that most all publishing of any Motown artist, at least at the onset, was owned by Jobete, not by the artist.

Multi/Media or International Talent Management Company, located in another two story house, supervised non-recording activities, such as club, concert, film, theater and T.V. engagements; in other words "personal management." This division was run by members of Gordy's family and by Ewart Abner, now president of Motown Records, and it turned out to be an interesting ace in the hole for Gordy. These other concerns of Motown added up to a convenient and profitable situation. At the same time, Gordy made sure that his recording studios were the most sophisticated around. So he looked after everything.

The fourth branch of the company was, of course, the Motown Record Corporation whose subsidiaries at the time included Gordy, Tamla, Soul, VIP, and Motown. At the beginning, Gordy ironically wanted to name his company "Tammie," after the Debbie Reynolds hit song of 1959 — a number "which is about as far from Motown's current image as you could possibly get." But the name had been trademarked and he called one of his subsidiaries Tamla instead.

According to one early Detroit employee, "It was really a trip with the

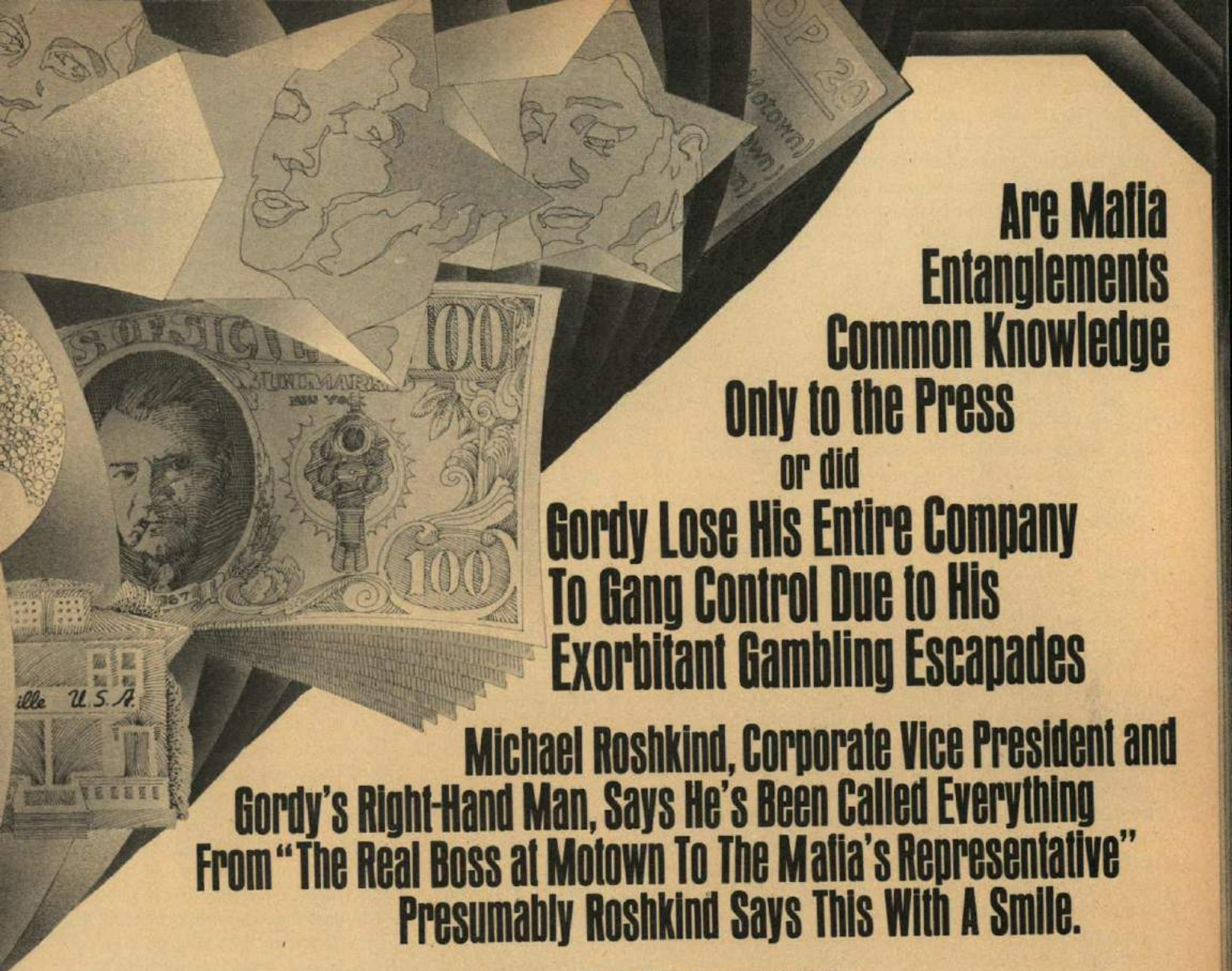
houses, especially in the winter. You'd have to duck between houses in sleeting five degree weather coming from a nicely heated studio. We'd just freeze our asses getting from one division of the company to another." Another observer also recalled: "In the beginning Gordy and his immediate family lived upstairs in the original house, but later they moved to a rambling mansion off Boston Boulevard where he installed a small golf course. The main house was like a castle — four stories high. The pool house, all marble, resembled a Roman bath. The man sure knew how to live."

What's more, Gordy knew how to make records. "It is always satisfying to believe that there is one artist and repertoire man, disc jockey, record executive, or manager who possesses an infallible sense of what will be a hit and what will not, who knows the tastes of the public even before it knows itself." Berry Gordy is such a man.

Motown is the most remarkable singles selling organization in history. At other record company board of trustees meetings, label presidents ask junior executives if the new single releases will hit the *Billboard* Top 100. At Motown Berry Gordy questions, "Is it going to be Number One, and if not, why the hell are we releasing it?" Motown's history of hits is such that "75 per cent of its records land on national sales charts, compared with the industry average of two to five per cent." Now that's success!

A major reason for Motown's high chart percentage is their balance of checks and powers in releasing material. Motown's Quality Control Department was initially run by sister Iris Gordy who also participated heavily in company promotion, publicity, and management. Iris, who was married for a time to Motown singer/writer/producer Johnny Bristol, would head meetings along with brother Berry, which one artist called "Motown's great divide — the Quality Control Meetings."

According to another ex-Motown engineer, who now runs his own studio in Hollywood, "Quality Control made Motown unique. Basically, they would have several engineers cut and/or mix a certain artist, let's say Marvin Gaye singing a particular song. The same process would be repeated with four, five, sometimes six engineers, wherein each



**Are Mafia
Entanglements
Common Knowledge
Only to the Press
or did**

**Gordy Lose His Entire Company
To Gang Control Due to His
Exorbitant Gambling Escapades**

**Michael Roshkind, Corporate Vice President and
Gordy's Right-Hand Man, Says He's Been Called Everything
From "The Real Boss at Motown To The Mafia's Representative"
Presumably Roshkind Says This With A Smile.**

by PATRICK SALVO & HAROLD BRONSON

In 1959 Berry Gordy, Jr. knew where it was at. He wrote a song with Barrett Strong that prophesied his future and the future of an entertainment and cultural institution that has become known as *Motown*. Of course, the name of that song was "Money" and, for the record, Gordy is said to be the richest black man in the country, beating out Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier, heading the biggest black business in the country with \$46 million in sales annually. During the course of his rags to riches experience, Gordy and Motown have made friends and enemies, been praised, and been accused of the most bizarre crimes and vices. Yet, today Berry Gordy still knows where it's at.

Berry Gordy was once a prize fighter; he probably still is. His family wanted him to be the next Sugar Ray Robinson, but the highest he rose in the fight game was to be on the same bout card with Joe Louis in a sweaty, smoky armory in Detroit. A stint in the army cancelled any heavyweight crown dreams but opened the door to some fancier financial

footwork. In 1956, after the army, Gordy christened his downtown-Detroit record store "The 3-D Record Mart." His specialty was jazz but he was run out of business by his competition down the street who were flogging hard core rhythm and blues and rock 'n' roll. Gordy left the record business penniless and did what a lot of other aspiring but broke, music-minded people did in Detroit. He got himself a gig with the Ford/General Motors automotive factory, making up and singing tunes on the assembly line while riveting axles to differentials. According to one of the Four Tops: "We knew Berry as a songwriter and a workman at Ford's. He was just another factory worker walking around town with a tape recorder, just talking, just another character trying to make his way through."

Another Top picked up the ball: "Berry was never into singing; he was more into writing in those days. He used to also take pictures at a night club where he had the concession. You would always see him around town, doing this and

**BERRY GORDY WAS ONCE A PRIZE FIGHTER. HE PROBABLY STILL IS....
IN 1959 GORDY TOOK \$100 FROM HIS SAVINGS
AND BORROWED \$700 FROM HIS FAMILY FINANCE CREDIT UNION AND STARTED MOTOWN.**

KEN DAVIES

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